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No. 86.

## AMID THE ROSES.

BY ST. ELMO.

'Twas only a maiden with tearful face,  
Her brown eyes filled with a mournful look,  
Where the prints of sorrow had left a trace.  
Like the lines engraved in some gilt-edged book:  
And far in the distance, the white-robed clouds  
With their golden fringe in the hazy sky,  
Where the crimson light of the evening crowds,  
And the scented breezes in gladness sigh.  
The sweet blushing flowers with their pearly tears,  
Just wrapt in the flush of the dying sun,  
With the bees hovering round their purple spheres,  
Was a sight the angels might look upon:  
But fairest of all was the blue-eyed maid,  
With her tearful face and her golden hair,  
Where the units of the sun in rapture strayed,  
As they sported amid those tresses rare.  
Yet, what was it that caused those tears to fall,  
And that heart to seem as though crushed with pain,  
While her soul was held in a gloomy thrall,  
And bound with the fetters of sorrow's chain?  
She had heard that day from the battle-field,  
That one who was dearer to her than life,  
Had just breathed his last, while the blood-red  
shield  
Of a cruel war, still kept up the strife.  
Down deep mid the roses she hid her face,  
Unheeding the songs of the happy birds  
Who left in the midst of the air, a trace  
Of their musical notes and mystic words:  
While softly the shadows of twilight fell,  
And the fireflies came with their golden light,  
Shrouding the earth in a mystic spell,  
As they flitted across the moonbeams white.  
She starts, for she hears a familiar tread,  
And her face becomes white as the driven snow,  
As upward she springs, while a thrill of dread  
Envelops her soul with a dismal glow.  
Oh, sweetest of joy! 'tis no phantom form  
That presses its lips to her snow-white brow,  
But her soldier boy, who has stemmed the storm,  
To remain with the charming maiden now.  
The roses blushed in the sensuous air,  
And softly caressed the enraptured pair,  
While the gentle stars with their silver light,  
Shone from the vault of the midsummer night:  
And the angels sweet 'mid the golden rays,  
In ecstasy caroled their songs of praise.

## Adria, the Adopted: OR, The Mystery of Ellesford Grange.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.  
AUTHOR OF "BRANDED," "SEA HARVEST," "SYM-  
PHIA'S BRAVERY," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

THE same day witnessing the events chronicled in the preceding chapter saw a man skulking in a strip of woodland separating the Ellesford grounds from the Firs. A low-browed, dark-visaged fellow, with heavy bull-dog jaws, and a slouched hat pulled down over his grizzled hair. His face, scarred and seamed, was rough and tanned, and gaunt famine stared from his pinched features. His eyes were glittering black, with a trick of glancing sideways from under downcast lids.

Crouching within shadow of the brush-wood, watching and waiting as the long hours were tediously away. Wearing, he strolled back through the wood.

A voice, low but clear, was chanting a plaint which the breeze wafted directly to him. He started, stopped, and listened attentively.

"Life is sad, life is sad  
To those weary-hearted;  
Sundered wide, sundered wide—  
On earth for aye parted.  
All alone, all alone  
Life wasted, heart dreary,  
Love is flown, love is flown,  
Has left me a weary."

He glanced around keenly. A little cabin stood at a short distance, with a thin coil of blue smoke dragging lazily up from the clay chimney. No living creature was in sight.

He strode over a few paces of open ground intervening, and approaching noiselessly, looked in through the square window.

A small apartment furnished with a few of the most necessary articles of life. An old woman, crouching before an open wood fire, was stirring some mixture in a tin vessel which gave forth a fragrant odor as of bark or roots.

"Old Juana has a patient on hand," muttered the man.

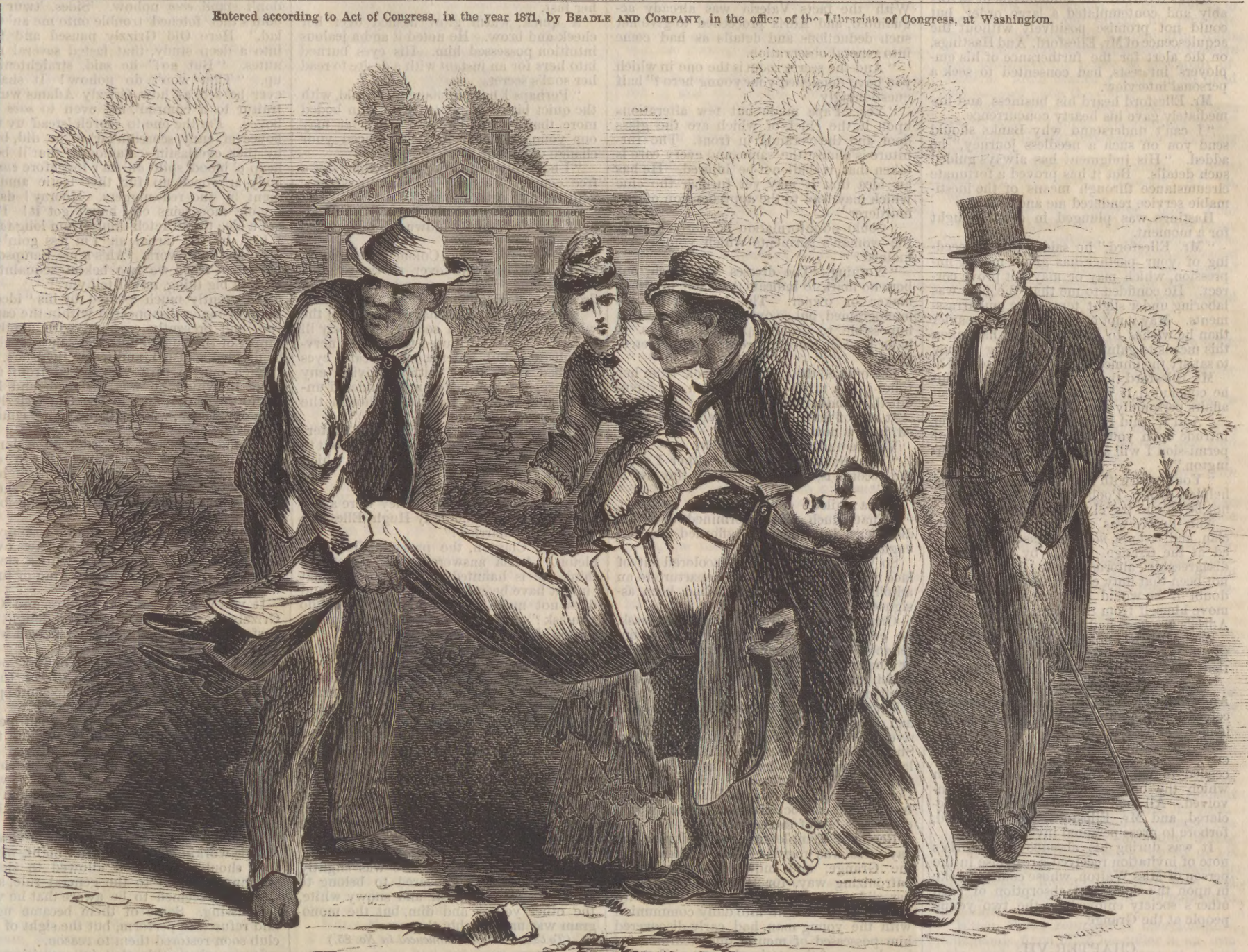
The woman, glancing up, had a glimpse of his face hastily withdrawn from the window. This decided him, whether or not he had previously meant to accost her. Slouching his hat lower over his face, he stepped upon the threshold.

"Good woman, will you give to a poor traveler but a crust of bread and a cup of water?"

"I keep no inn," she answered, surlily, without moving.

"I have no money and am suffering for food," he persisted. "For the love of Heaven, give something, if it be but the scraps you would not refuse a dog."

His emaciated figure, and the wolfish expression of hunger in his face, appealed to her. She went to some shelves in a corner, bringing forward bread and some fragments of meat. Placing them upon the pine table and adding a tin cup of water, she motioned him to it.



The men lifted him in strong, willing arms, and bore him carefully forward.

agile action, and for a moment the strength of youth had returned to her.

"Where is the child?—my nurse-child? What did you do with the child?" she hissed in his ear.

Her hold on his throat relaxed, and he wrenched himself violently from her grasp. She sprang at him again, clinging and shrieking.

The door of an inner room was thrown open, and Nelly Kent appeared within it. For a single instant the man stared at her as though doubting an identity; then, flinging the old woman aside, dashed through the open doorway and disappeared.

"My poor Juana! are you much hurt?" asked Nelly, stooping over her and touching her gently with her own uninjured hand.

Juana struggled to her feet, her face wearing the sullen, blank expression she had more than once successfully assumed.

"'Twas a foul-mouthed cur," she grumbled. "He called me an ill-favored hag, and got a taste of my nails for it. Old Juana can hold her own with the like of him, yet!"

Colonel Templeton rode leisurely homeward. He had been out from early morning, and both horse and rider seemed fagged. He patted the beast upon his arching neck.

"A good day's service, Sultan. Well done, my boy. Whoa, sir, steady! What is it you see?"

They were passing through the neck of woodland, and the horse, snuffing the air, grew restless. A dark figure advanced from the shadow and laid hold of the bridle-rein.

"Back, fellow!" commanded Colonel Templeton, raising his whip.

"Get off your horse, Alan Templeton!" returned the man, unheeding the threatening gesture.

Colonel Templeton's hand dropped. "Pedro Cardini!" he ejaculated.

"Hush! no names," cried the man, glancing around him fearfully. "Dis-mount, quickly."

Colonel Templeton vaulted from his saddle easily.

"What do you want with me?" he asked.

"Money! In Heaven's name—money!"

"Ask, and it shall be given you," sneered his companion, mockingly.

"I am penniless, starving, and hunted from the faces of men. Money I must and will have, at any cost."

The man's desperate face betrayed his earnestness.

"Ay, but I must have more. Remember that I hold your secret, Alan Templeton."

The hearer's brow flushed darkly, but he restrained his rage.

"If I comply with your demand, what surety have I that you will not again molest me?"

"Surety or none, you will give me what I ask, or I expose you to the world."

"You are in my power. You are flying from justice, and I can put officers on your track within an hour."

"If you do, you shall share my prison."

Colonel Templeton's hand sought his side, and was uplifted with the glittering barrel of a revolver displayed.

"I could shoot you down like a dog, and no one would lay reproach to me."

The man's face grew dangerous. With a cat-leap he grasped the weapon and endeavored to wrench it from the other's hand.

In the scuffle that ensued a barrel was discharged.

The horse with a loud neigh of fright shot away through the falling gloom.

The struggle between the two men was a short one. The one all nerve and sinew, the other weak from long privation and wasted almost to a skeleton. Colonel Templeton's knee was on his adversary's breast, the man completely in his power. It suited him to be merciful.

"Get up!" he said, himself resuming his feet. "You have some mettle left, and I may need you yet. You shall have not money, but what will serve you better now—hiding."

### CHAPTER VI.

ADRIA knelt beside the prostrate form in the roadway. Tenderly she lifted his head from the dust, and laved his face with her handkerchief, which Reginald brought dripping from a brook near by.

A dark patrician face it seemed to her, colorless now, not handsome certainly, but with the mark of power upon it, and hair crisping in tiny rings about his forehead.

Nothing appeals to woman's heart so readily or forcibly as strong manhood reduced to helplessness. And this more truly if it is brought about in the cause of herself or of humanity. And so Adria's heart thrilled with warm sympathy in behalf of this strange young man.

With a word she dispatched Reginald to the Grange for assistance to have him removed thither. It came in the form of a stout servant or two, and Mr. Ellesford himself, all gratitude to the youth who had preserved his daughter from injury, perhaps death.

The men lifted him in strong, willing arms and bore him carefully forward.

At that instant Colonel Templeton walking rapidly approached them. The immediate excitement had prevented much thought being given to his fate. But now

he was received with joyful though not boisterous acclamation.

"We feared some serious accident had befallen you," said Reginald, briefly sketching the scene lately transpired.

"A chance shot in the vicinity startled the Sultan as I had dismounted to let him drink from the gully," explained his father, utterly unmoved by the recital.

Hours afterward Kenneth Hastings opened his eyes to consciousness in the Grange. A physician, speedily sent for but tardy in coming, was subjecting him to a close examination. An arm lay limp and helpless at his side, dislocated at both wrist and elbow. His side was crushed and flesh torn where a sharp hoof had descended with cruel force. He was suffering most acute agony.

All that could be done for him was speedily executed. A hypnotic was administered at short intervals, with directions to increase the dose should rising irritation render it without immediate effect. The greatest apprehension was of internal injury—the best medicine for the time required, perfect quiet and rest.

A few days haunted with visions hideous and enchanting, during all of which time he was kept more or less under the influence of narcotics. Then he awoke in a languid state, with no energy to lift so much as a finger.

He was lying on a snowy bed in a small alcove, commanding the view of a wide, pleasant room into which it opened. He took it all in slowly, as his indolent senses responded to their proper action.

Walls hung with heavy paper, creamy white with vivid crimson clusters and golden arabesques in place of cornices. The ceiling, high-arched in the center, admitted a softened light through a sash of ground glass. A glass door opened upon a veranda shaded by creeping vines, which were now drooping beneath the breath of early frosts. The carpet, rich and yielding, was gorgeous without being glaring; there was a divan covered with crimson velvet, and a heavy, stained table showing the natural grain, unlike any wood this country produces.

The apartment and its belongings impressed him familiarly. But, when he attempted to analyze the feeling, to trace the resemblance to any place he might have seen, it dissolved into the certainty of impossibility.

But, even thought was an effort, and he dismissed it, content with the mere knowledge of being.

During all this time Adria tended him carefully. He had a vague remembrance of a graceful form, a fair, pitying face, and the lingering touch of soft womanly hands; but placed them as a phantasm which lingered with sweet persistency. He, poor fellow! had experienced little of woman's care throughout the life he remembered.

She came in now with some morseau, be-

fitting the invalid's condition, finding him for the first time thoroughly conscious.

With sight of her all came back to him. The highway, with two figures approaching, the great black horse bearing down upon them. This, then, was the secret of his present weakness. Never mind, he had succeeded in saving her, and was content.

The record of illness is necessarily tedious. But the following days, with Adria's constant companionship, and never ceasing efforts to contribute to his comfort, were to Hastings like a glimpse into some hitherto unknown Arcadia.

Let him enjoy his new-found well-spring of happiness while he may, while we revert to a brief retrospect now become necessary.

After taking possession of the estate, Joseph Ellesford still retained an interest in the firm with which he hitherto had been identified. Later, when Mr. Stratton, the senior partner, retired from the business, he purchased this share, and controlled the greater portion of the stock. Judiciously investing capital which met with fortunate returns, the establishment soon rose to rank among the first, if not the first, of its class in the city. It was known as a substantial house, and had stood firm during a financial panic which swayed even the best of its co-peers.

Of late some seemingly safe enterprises had resulted badly. They had invested largely in various products, which a changing market rendered unsalable. But these losses did not satisfactorily account for deficits every day rendered more apparent. Banks, the oldest member of the present firm, and who held position as active manager, remained unaccountably apathetic. It was only at the urgent solicitation of the younger partners that he communicated with Mr. Ellesford regarding these circumstances.

This was the position when young Hastings appeared on the scene of action. The firm had bought largely of the Russell Brothers. Years of dealing had given them an unlimited credit, which they had used successfully during their later purchases. Their amount of indebtedness, swelling to a large figure, had caused the factory owners some inconvenience, but they refrained from pressing payment, fearing the loss of a remunerative patronage.

At last patience reached its limit, and they resolved upon prompt action. To this end, Ellesford, Banks & Co. had been placed first upon the list of delinquents whom Kenneth Hastings was deputed to visit.

Banks received him cordially, admitted the claim, deplored the neglect which had overlooked its settlement long before, and sent him seventy miles into the country on a nominal errand to the larger partner.

And here occurs what may be termed a coincidence. Upon the day witnessing Hastings' interview with the managing



partner, a telegram was put in Colonel Templeton's hands, reading:

"B. is fleeing. Must have assistance or go under. Meet you at St. George's Center tomorrow. (Signed) J. S."

Toward St. George's Center Colonel Templeton had ridden with the breaking morning light, and returned with the sunset as he have seen.

A week had passed ere Hastings' mind embraced aught pertaining to business. The remembrance of it recalled him from his pleasant inactivity to the knowledge that his employers' interests were suffering from his enforced neglect. He hastened to procure an interview with Mr. Ellesford, and imparted his commission.

The Russell Brothers were about to add to their immense manufacturing establishment a department for printing their fabrics from original designs. They had obtained patents for a great variety of designs, executed by well-known practical artists. They hoped this department might receive the support of their patrons.

Banks received the announcement favorably and contemplated a large order, but could not promise positively without the acquiescence of Mr. Ellesford. And Hastings, on the alert for the furtherance of his employers' interests, had consented to seek a personal interview.

Mr. Ellesford heard his business and immediately gave his hearty concurrence.

"I can't understand why Banks should send you on such a needless journey," he added. "His judgment has always guided such details. But it has proved a fortunate circumstance through means of the inestimable service rendered me and mine."

Hastings was plunged in deep thought for a moment.

"Mr. Ellesford," he said, "this proceeding of your partner has given me an impression, which may or may not prove correct. He confided to me that the firm was laboring under slight temporary embarrassments. May it not be that these are heavier than he wishes to admit, and he has taken this means to gain time for raising money to satisfy the immediate claim I presented?"

Mr. Ellesford thought it improbable. But he concluded it would be well to inspect affairs personally at an early date.

"And I," said Hastings, "must no longer intrude upon your hospitality. With your permission I will accompany you to Washington."

"You—you with your fractured ribs and helpless arm? Poo, poo, boy! you will not be able to travel under a month."

This decree was seconded by his physician, and, *bon gre, mal gre*, Hastings remained at the Grange. It was by no means a disagreeable alternative to him. Had it not been that duty commanded his action, I doubt if he would have cared ever to remove himself from the pleasing spot which Adria's presence had woven about him.

And Adria did not long remain insensible to the noble qualities possessed by the patient Fate had thrown within her charge.

"Pity is akin to love,"

And from the first Hastings had been received into the immeasurable depths of her tender compassion.

Mr. Ellesford made a short trip to the city. Banks received him cordially, proceeded to volubly explain the manner in which the business had been slightly involved. All had come right now he declared, and Mr. Ellesford, easily satisfied, forbore to press personal investigations.

It was during his absence that Adria's note of invitation received a response in the person of Miss Walton, whose coming broke in upon the delightful absorption of each other's society enjoyed by the two young people at the Grange.

#### CHAPTER VII.

MISS WALTON sat with Adria, in the room of the latter. She had already fallen in with the customs at the Grange, aptly as if she had been acquainted with them all her life. This hour Adria usually devoted to reading, but, in the presence of her guest, was agreeably conversational.

Only in fiction do women devote themselves to the study of each other. In actual life they meet, and with a glance, decide the status each shall occupy in the opinion and confidence of themselves.

It had been so with these two. Valeria absorbed her young hostess for a second with cool, scrutinizing eyes, and the result was instantaneous conviction.

"Pliable, if warily managed, and with absurd conscientiousness which may be worked upon to advantage. If openly opposed, an enemy who will not be readily vanquished; if conciliated, she may prove a powerful ally."

Adria, in the same instant, determined that her guest was a woman who would win universal admiration wherever she moved, but one whom she could never admit into the secret chamber of her best sympathies. No fine chords of their nature would chime in unison. They might dwell together beneath the same roof for years, and their affections approach no closer than during the first moment.

So the two women had read each other, while they exchanged the prim greetings. It remained for continued acquaintance and opportunity to prove how nearly correct they had been.

"I hope we shall not prove rivals," said Valeria, taking up a broken thread of the conversation. "We will make admirable foils. Are you jealous?"

"I don't know," returned Adria, laughingly. "It is a quality I have had no occasion to test."

"I love homage," asserted Valeria; "and if I tread on dangerous ground, you must let me know. We are to be friends, are we not?"

"Certainly," Adria replied, with some surprise. "Why should you doubt that?"

"That stupid business of the Ellesford will! You know how I feel about it; but you may consider me an intruder."

"Not I," returned Adria, "with some warmth. I agree with you that it was unjust, and shall willingly combine my efforts with yours in extorting such reparation as is possible now."

Miss Walton surveyed her with slow credulity.

"Ah, well! We will not discuss it. Come here, until we see which is most Ellesford."

Adria permitted her companion to draw her before the long mirror, and listened amusedly to her comparisons.

Of the same type, they were totally unlike. Valeria was large and fully developed; her face fair and regular, but passive; her hair light brown, with a satiny sheen, and arranged in elaborate bandeaux, which sat well upon her somewhat massive

head. Her hands and feet were of proportionate size and finely shaped.

Adria's features were less regular, but clearly defined; her complexion variable, with skin close-textured and pure. Her lips were thin and mobile, where Valeria's were full and expressive of dominant passion. Adria's eyes were large, clear gray, and fringed with long, dark lashes; Valeria's, hazel, with light brows, which detracted from the force they might otherwise have denoted. Adria's hair was yellow, glittering and rippled—her figure slight and lithe.

Miss Walton criticized impartially. "I am nothing but Ellesford," she concluded, "and you are pure Saxon, without any of the family characteristics."

"You have a correct eye, provided you do not already know that I am not an Ellesford," Adria answered.

"Are you not?" demanded Valeria.

Adria explained.

Their conversation drifting back, naturally turned upon Hugh Ellesford and the mysteries connected with his life and death. With the facts Valeria was already acquainted, and Adria proceeded to give her such deductions and details as had come into general observation.

"And the secret room is the one in which you have domiciled your young hero?" half questioning.

"Yes," Papa made but few alterations upon it, the chief of which are the glass door and the veranda in front. The furniture is almost the same, and every care is taken that it shall not be injured. He has an idea that it may yet furnish the clue which may lead to the apprehension of the murderer."

"Could no information be derived from the woman's garments which you say remained?"

Nothing. The dresses were rich, but bore no mark to indicate the name of either maker or owner. The handkerchief was monogrammed, but so over-wrought that it is impossible to decide upon the letters. I have kept it since its return by the detectives."

She crossed the room, and took from her toilet-case a tiny box, from which she shook out the handkerchief.

It was of fine lace, elaborately embroidered, yellow now with age.

Valeria examined it critically.

"The first initial may be either I or J; the second is, unmistakably, C; the last F or T."

Adria smiled.

"That much was determined upon its discovery, but the clue afforded was too vague."

So Valeria replaced the discolored bit of lace no wiser, and took her departure to an adjoining apartment, which had been assigned to her use.

Once more she dropped no facial mask, no evil passions distorted her serene countenance. Instead, her eyes received a deeper shade, her lips a contemplative curve, which might have belonged to a guileless maiden's day-dream.

But Miss Walton was not given to dreaming, especially when her interests would derive greater aid from active plotting. Should this girl, this alien, inherit the broad lands on which she had no lineal claim, of which she was rightfully heir-apparent? Certainly not, if Valeria Walton's fertile brain could concoct a scheme which would dispossess her of them.

Reginald Templeton came in during the day. He was regular in his attendance at the Grange, and inquired always, in a patronizing way, for Hastings. His manner did not tend to ingratiate him with Adria, who, brought into daily communion with the young man, had early discovered him possessed of mental qualifications far in advance of the station he occupied.

Kenneth had ventured into the parlor for the first time. Bolstered in a great armchair, with a stand drawn to his elbow containing a crystal dish filled with grapes and oranges, his cheerful appearance betokened him a very resigned invalid.

"Ah, my good fellow, glad to see you yet again," said Reginald, advancing and extending his hand. "I have had no previous opportunity to express my thanks or applaud your bravery. Let me do both now. I shall endeavor soon to express my gratitude in a more substantial form than by mere words, and which I trust may in a measure compensate you for the loss of time sustained."

Adria, who was by, felt her cheeks flush hotly. Kenneth replied, quietly:

"I can not think my action embraced anything worthy of praise, and the inconvenience I may have experienced through it, has been doubly repaid by the kind care I have received."

"You could not estimate your services so lightly if you knew from what a precious treasure you were guarded," persisted Reginald, who, in his wooing, sometimes let his zeal get the better of his discretion.

"Life is dear to all of us," Adria hastened to interpose, and then skillfully guided the conversation to a different theme.

Valeria who had silently witnessed the whole drew her own conclusions.

When Reginald rose to depart Adria went out with him into the garden.

"You must see my dahlias," she said; but, reaching them, the regal blossoms seemed to claim but superficial attention.

"Reginald, I must beg that you will not offer money to Mr. Hastings. He is a thorough gentleman and can not but feel it an insult. I understand your motive, and honor it accordingly—Reginald winced beneath the slight sarcasm—but am confident you will grant me this favor."

"But, Adria, you don't understand these work-people. Money is their sole end and aim in existence, and this young man is but a better type of the class."

"Nevertheless, I must persist in my request. Though Mr. Hastings is but a work-people, he is fully equal or superior to the many calling themselves gentlemen whom I have yet met."

Her face flushed angrily, and Reginald hastened to repair the mistake which he saw he had committed.

"Of course I can deny you no boon in my power to grant, *ma belle*. But, what can I do to show my grateful thanks for your preservation? Oh, Adria, life would have been so desolate had harm befallen you!"

"Mr. Templeton," said Adria, steadily, "I fear I have permitted you to entertain a fallacious hope. If I have in my manner encouraged the sentiment with which you have honored me, I entreat that you will believe it was done unintentionally. No misunderstanding must exist for the future. I shall esteem you as a valued friend, and hope to retain an equal place in your regard."

"You are a true friend," he said, and she

gazed at him with a look of surprise.

"Oh, Adria! I vexed you sorely, I see, but your punishment is too cruel. Forgive me, and do not take away the hope which has sustained me."

Adria's eyes grew humid—his voice was so full of humiliation and entreaty. But, she had grown to know herself better since that other time when he had pleaded to her.

"I am sorry," she said. "It pains me more than you can know, but it will be misery to us both if we endeavor to evade what time can only make more apparent. Perhaps it will be better if you do not come here for a while—until you forget your disappointment. Good-by, now, my friend."

She extended her hand and he imprisoned it in his grasp.

"Adria, I will not take this as a final answer. I am sorry, but you will forgive me and take me back again?"

"Indeed, indeed, you must accept my decision as final."

"You told me that your heart was free, and so long as I am assured of that I will never give you up," he cried, still holding her fast.

A quick, warm glow flashed over her cheek and brow. He noted it and a jealous intuition possessed him. His eyes burned into hers for an instant with a desire to read her soul's secret.

"Perhaps I have mistaken," he said, with the quiet bitterness which did not so much more than violent anger. "How far may our young plebeian have influenced your change of feeling?"

"I believe we are all equal members of a free country, sir, and I do not recognize your right to catechism me."

She turned toward the house, and Reginald strode heavily down the gravelled drive.

A few days later Colonel Templeton drove with his wife over to the Grange. They were there when the weather dreamy Indian summer.

They made but a formal call, and all the while Mrs. Templeton seemed strangely ill at ease. Adria attributed this to her nervous disease, but Valeria, whose calm eyes absorbed every thing without giving any evidence, saw that her glance wandered uneasily, and that she shivered although the temperature was mild.

At the threshold her handkerchief fluttered from her hand, and Valeria was about to return it, when some idea occurring, which brought a slight start of surprise, she concealed it in the folds of her dress.

"Adria," she said, when they were alone again, "who was the lady Hugh Ellesford was to have married?"

"Irene Clayton, the present Mrs. Templeton," Adria answered. "I sometimes think she is haunted with a ghost of what might have been. I am sure her husband does not make her happy. But why do you ask?"

"I noticed the strange, triumphant glitter of Adria's eyes."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Don't try me unless you believe it."

"I am sure you are to be trusted. Come with me," leading the way to Adria's apartment. "Chance has revealed something which may be the end of Adriane's thread."

She drew forth the handkerchief. It was of rich fine lace, such as any lady might carry, with initials elaborately embroidered. Adria glanced at it at first indifferently, and then, as something of Valeria's import shot into her mind, she tremblingly brought forth that other one which was connected with the dark mystery.

Their pattern and texture were slightly different, and they appeared to belong to separate ages—one clear and snowy white, the other yellow and dim, but the monogram was unmistakably the same.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 85.)

## OLD GRIZZLY, The Bear-Tamer:

ON THE  
WILD HUNTRESS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,  
AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, NEW HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER," "THE BLACKFOOT QUEEN; OR, OLD NICK WHIFFLES IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.  
THE BEAR-TAMER'S SHOW.

WE have already given our readers an insight into the natural fortress where the old bear-tamer and his family dwelt, but as regards the domestic arrangements thereof we have necessarily been silent.

The action of the story now requires that we should return to Old Grizzly, whom we left standing in the timber in front of his ranch, gazing, with a most comical look of surprise, after the retreating form of the Wild Huntress.

"Wal, now, by ther everlastin' catamount, ef thet don't git me! Stark, starn' mad, er I'm a digger Injun!" he exclaimed.

"I jess knowed them big, snappin' eyes yer warn't rollin' an' wallin' aroun' in thet manner fur nothin'. No, sirc! The gal's too heavy to a sartain. Lookin' fur the Avenger, too! An' then thet 'er talk about thet chief's darter bein' her child! Dang my ole moccasins ef hyar ain't a pile o' mystery fur ye! But, the Injun gal ar' white, that's no mistake uv thet. An' the woman's head must be level on thet subject enyhow. But, hyar I am foolin' aroun' after a crazy woman, while thet 'ers ar' howlin' fur the grub."

The latter assertion of the old trapper was strictly true, for, at that moment, a chorus of hungry growls and snarls arose from within, and, without further loss of time, Old Grizzly turned upon his heel and entered the narrow passage that led to his castle.

When fairly within the area, the animals caught sight of their master, and a fearful increase in the din they were making was the result.

"Faggots an' flints, what ar' the matter w' the brutes?" he exclaimed, pausing in the center of the place, and looking around at his various pets.

The bears seemed possessed of a spirit of mischief, or madness, and were acting in concert to produce as much noise as possible. Even the staid, solemn Sampson was lending the deep base of his voice to swell the concert.

That they could not be howling for food alone, Old Grizzly was satisfied. They had been a few hours previous, and always became more quiet on his appearance.

"Shet up, yer brutes!" he roared, grasping the heavy club, which he always used on the refractory members, and shaking the weapon threateningly.

"Why, anybody comin' in'd think yer hadn't hed no teachin'! Do 'ee want to bring disgrace on him as ar' actin' yur father an' all the balance uv em?"

The club seemed to have great moral effect on the beasts ceased their howling, and contented themselves with uttering, now and then, a low whine or grunt, that was as comical as the other had been disagreeable.

"Now yer talkin' er rather uv me, talk in," said the bear-tamer, chuckling over his success in so readily quelling the storm. "Now thet yer've got back yur senses ag'in, I'll purreed to work," he muttered.

"Thar's much to be did afore the night's over, fur ev'ry munit the boyee lays in thet cussed strong lodge down yander brings him closer 'r closer to the end uv the third day."

I ain't so sartain thet ef the wust kems to the wust, I won't rope thet 'er feller as calls hisself the Avenger, an' carry him down fur a fair, square swop. The boyee ar' jess startin' in life, an' 'toter un' ar' more'n half done it, so the circumstance don't stand even now. Sides, twur his doin's thet fetched trouble onto me an' the lad." Here Old Grizzly paused and fell into a deep study, that lasted several minutes. "But no!" he said, straightening up. "Thet won't do nohow! It shan't ever be sed as how Grizzly Adams wur a traitor to a cunrad, not even to save the boyee. I'm the one to scorch 'stead uv the boyee ef enny scorchin' ar' to be did, but, by ther everlastin' catamount, thet'll be a heap o' blood spilt an' ha'r lost afore ennybody ar' roped up fur thet leetle amusement by the red niggers. Hooray! dang my ole moccasins ef I hain't got it! I've got a idee thet'll fetch things fur long taw, I hev, by thet 'arnal, an' I'm jess goin' to see how it'll work. Ah's a me, Sampson, ole feller, when we two bekim acquainted twur a big thing, now I tell yer."

Apparently much excited by his "idee," the bear-tamer disappeared within the caravan, and presently emerged with another supply of the buffalo and deer's meat, which he divided as usual, and fed to the bears.

Each one in turn was loosed from the stake to which he was fastened, and led out to the center, and, to use Old Grizzly's own expression, was "put through a course uv sprouts."

"Come, Parson," he said, to a large Mexican bear of exceedingly grave demeanor, by reason of which the name had been given. "Come, up with yer an' show these other creeters what a reglar b'ar dance ar' like."

The obedient animal instantly rose upon his hind feet, gravely crossed his paws over his shaggy chest, and began with a slow, stately step, to keep time to a kind of tune whistled by the tamer.

It was a most comical picture, and Old Grizzly evinced his approval and delight by perfect yells of laughter, interspersed with remarks to the animal.

So, one by one he brought out his pets, black, brown, gray and red, all of them evincing more or less intelligence and aptitude in learning their various duties.

The old bear-tamer was even then meditating that remarkable tour throughout the country, which is so well remembered by all who had the good fortune to see him and his wonderful pets, and the work he was engaged in was nothing more than he performed daily, with a view to perfecting the animals in their individual parts.

But, he now had another object in view. This working the bears after night, when they should have been allowed to sleep, was an exception to the general rule, and the brutes seemed to be aware that he was trespassing. Some of them became ugly, and refused to perform, but the sight of the club soon restored them to reason.

It was observable that, in exercising the bears, he did so directly in front of where Sampson stood.

The latter was intently regarding the exhibition, and at times actually manifested his approval or disapproval by sundry growls and grunts.

For more than an hour, perhaps two, the bear-tamer continued steadily at work, until, finally, all had been out save the "cock of the walk," as Grizzly was wont to term Sampson.

Now came his turn, and, after being fed an unusual quantity, he was led forth.

In preparing Sampson, the bear-tamer discarded the usual halter by which he managed the smaller fry, substituting in its stead a rude but strong bridle, made of raw buffalo hide, without a bit, in lieu of which he had made a loop, which passed over the nose and around the ears, thus holding it firmly in place. Ordinary reins, attached to the head-piece by means of iron rings, were to be used in guiding the huge animal in chorus.

"Now then, my rosebud o' beauty, jess rar' up, an' show these hyer loafers a b'ar as is a b'ar," said Grizzly, lightly lifting the brute's head by means of the bridle.

Up went the huge form, in obedience to the command.

"Bully for you!" exclaimed the bear-tamer, highly delighted with the evident good humor of his favorite. He was to try him yet further, and these were only preliminary preparations.

That the attempt, whatever it was, was to be something out of the ordinary channel, was evident from the careful manner and grave face of the old bear-tamer.

"It ar' the on'y chance," he muttered, as he led the great animal backward and forward across the area, speaking kind words and bestowing caresses as he went.

But, the night was waning, and whatever was to be done, must be done at once. Already had the other bears stretched themselves out for slumber, and Sampson himself had yawned once or twice in a frightful manner.

"I do wonder how he'll stand it," said Old Grizzly, as he busied himself about the head-gear.

The bear stood perfectly quiet, and apparently willing to submit to any treatment his master saw fit to impose.

"Wall, hyer goes, neck er nothin'; an' dang my eyes, ef I would be much astonished ef twur mostly neck."

Approaching the animal's side, the bear-tamer grasped the reins in his left hand, and, without giving the bear the slightest intimation of his intentions, vaulted on his back, and wound his free hand in the long hair to maintain his seat. The start and look of astonishment that Sampson gave was ludicrous in the extreme. At first he did not seem to fully realize what had been done, but he was not long in manifesting that he did not like it.

For an instant he stood motionless, and then, without attempting to bite or injure his rider in that way, he gave vent to an ap-

palling howl, reared up on his hind feet, and started, full tilt, around the arena.

Leaping up and down, to the right and left, shaking himself violently, Sampson tore round the circle as if mad with pain or mischief.

The other bears did not offer the least obstruction to the monster in his wild career. He went over them as though they had not been there, sending them sprawling and yelling with terror, to the full length of their tether, or else, catching in the chains that confined them to the stakes, they would be jerked from their feet, and thrown heels over head in the air.

All this time Old Grizzly was holding on for life. He had dropped the reins, finding it impossible to control his steed in the least, and had twisted both hands in the shaggy neck.

"Whoa! whoa! you durned brute! Hold on! cuss yer!" shouted Old Grizzly, as he tugged and pulled at the long hair.

But he might as well have spoken to a land-slide, and expected it to stop at the word of command.

By this time the other bears were raging with terror and pain, caused by the repeated trappings and jerks administered by the resistless Sampson in his passage.

Things began to look squally. Some of them were not fully under control of their master—having been recently caught—and these, especially, were making frantic efforts to break one's chains.

Round and round went the grizzly, his great mouth wide open, and his blood-shot eyes glaring with excitement.

"Whoa, Samp—son! Hold—on! Whoa! Well, dang my—" but the sentence was cut short. The old fellow was completely exhausted, and was reeling about in his seat, uttering his commands, or rather entreaties, in broken sentences. He could not have held on much longer, and was seriously considering the propriety of letting go all hold and risking a tumble, when, without having in the least checked his progress, Sampson suddenly planted both fore feet out in front, and, quick as thought, came to a stand still, at the same time throwing his head down, and "humping" his back.

The result was what might reasonably have been expected.

A stone hurled from a sling does not leave its place more suddenly, nor with more force, than did Old Grizzly his seat on the back of Sampson!

Straight out, head foremost, he shot, for a distance not less than ten feet, unfortunately alighting square on top of one of his not thoroughly tamed pets, who, doubly angered at this fresh assault, grappled his master, and together they rolled over and over on the ground.

The result might have been serious had not Blinker, who, from his position as sentinel, had gravely watched the whole affair, rushed to the rescue, and, seizing the bear by the throat, dragged him back, allowing Old Grizzly to rise to his feet.

The bear-tamer was considerably stunned by the fall, but not so much so as to prevent his realizing and enjoying the ludicrous position in which he had been placed. The old fellow burst into a roar of laughter that made the inclosure ring with the sounds.

Throwing himself down upon the sward, he rolled over and over, laughing until it seemed as though he must suffocate. Old Grizzly possessed a keen sense of the ludicrous, and his recent adventure struck him forcibly in that light.

"Wall, dang my ole moccasins, ef thet don't bang out enny ride er ever I took," he said at length, sitting up and looking at Sampson, who had not moved from where he had stopped. "Talk about yer Comanch' ridin'! Waugh! Why, ther best hossman ain't a patchin'!" and again he gave way to merriment, until the bears once more joined in chorus.

"Shet up yer heads!" he called savagely. "Do 'ee want ter hev half the Blackfeet imps in hyer? Shet up!" and he grasped the cudgel and shook it warningly.

"Es fer you, Samp," he said, walking up to the grizzly, "come, go home, like a good feller, an' go to bed. I think a leetle repose'll do yer good."

Half an hour later, the bear-tamer's camp was profoundly quiet.



Warrama, as the Indians termed him, had made provisions for just such contingencies in which he was now placed. His cap and rifle were gone, and the distance was too great for him to make his way to his island home to procure others.

What, therefore, was to be done to supply himself with these indispensable articles?

He might have borrowed a weapon of Grizzly Adams, but he did not think it necessary, as there was a means of getting what he wished otherwise.

After leaving the bear-tamer, he struck off, as we have said, in a northerly direction, taking a course nearly parallel to the mountains, and that kept him at their base, where the scattered bushes and flinty soil afforded cover, and concealed his trail at the same time.

After an arduous tramp, he reached a place where there was absolutely no ground upon which to walk; the rocks and boulders being piled together so closely that it was the easiest matter in the world to spring from one to the other. Over these the man bounded like a mountain goat, until he abruptly halted before a broad, flat rock.

Standing motionless a moment, he looked hurriedly about him, to make sure that no one was watching his movements, and then kneeling down upon one knee, he reached his arm far under the rock, and drew forth a pair of moccasins; then the leggings, hunting-shirt, robe—in fact, the complete outfit of a Blackfoot Indian.

Looking at them a moment, he muttered: "They are genuine, because I took them from one of that tribe, who had no more need of them. I kept them for future use, and it seems the time has come."

The next article produced was a hat, which, from its appearance and fit, he had probably worn years before, when in altogether a different latitude from this; the last object which he took in hand was a beautiful silver-mounted rifle, with its accompanying powder-horn and bullet-pouch. He turned it over, and contemplated it with a sigh.

"It's the first time I ever used you; I value you so much that the one who captures you must first take my life."

It was a handsome, costly piece, and on the stock were carved three letters: "J. J. H."

Fearing that the powder with which the piece had been loaded might have become damp and fail him at a critical moment, he proceeded to draw the ball and carefully reload.

Once more glancing around to satisfy himself that he was unobserved, he started on his return, still constantly looking about him in the suspicious manner of one who knows he is in great personal danger.

"The red-skins are abroad to-night, and I suppose a score are making a special hunt for me, but," he added, with an exultant shrug of the shoulders, "it isn't the first time I have had half the tribe searching for me; the next thing is for them to find what they are looking for."

So far as he could, while on the constant look-out, he employed his mind in thinking upon some method of assisting Old Grizzly to rescue Alfred Badger from the hands of the Blackfeet.

The Avenger was advancing in a careful manner, when his trained ear detected a rustling among the trees on his right. He had just passed beyond the rocky section to which we have referred, and turning his head, he found that some animal was approaching.

Holding his rifle ready for use, at an instant's warning, he looked off in the direction of the sound, and the next moment, in the bright moonlight, he caught the glimpse of a bear, that seemed to be browsing upon the tender buds and leaves of a species of bushes that grew very luxuriantly in this neighborhood.

Only a part of his body was visible, but enough was exposed to tell where his head was, and the man raised his rifle and pointed at it; but, even while his finger was pressing the trigger, he lowered it again.

"What's the use?" he asked, impatiently at his own forgetfulness, "why do I wish to shoot that bear, when there is higher game?"

And turning away from the brute, he walked rapidly forward, as though anxious to make up the time he had lost.

But so trained a veteran was he in woodcraft, that, no matter how intense his thought upon some particular subject, he could not forget his caution; and so, while hurrying along, when he heard the faintest whistle, as if made by some bird high up a tree, he raised his head and halted as suddenly as if he had heard the singing of a bullet by his ears.

"It strikes me I have heard that same thing before," he muttered, "and if I ain't mistaken, I heard it in these woods no longer ago than yesterday."

If really a signal, it was so slight a one that it would have arrested the attention of none but the most suspicious scout.

Warrama stood a few minutes as motionless as a statue, with his head bent in the attitude of listening; but nothing more was heard, and he resumed his walk with a slower step than before.

"It may have been only a bird," he whispered to himself, "and it may have been something more, and I can't forget that the harpies are abroad to-night."

But as minute after minute passed without any thing suspicious reaching his ears, he began to believe that there were no grounds of alarm, although he acted as though he thought the contrary.

Suddenly he paused under the shelter of a small bush.

"There!" he exclaimed, as something suddenly entered his head, "why didn't I think of it before? It's the only thing that can be done, and there's some chance, too."

He was evidently thinking upon some means of rescuing the young hunter, and a plan had suggested itself.

"It's very, very dangerous," he added, with a shake of his head, as he reflected more fully upon the scheme, "but it is the only thing, and it must be done."

Filled with this idea, he stepped off more briskly than before, and was reaching a part of the wood that was more open than that through which he had just been traveling, when he heard the same faint whistle again.

"That means something—hello!"

A rustling in the bushes caught his ear, and, looking sharply ahead, he detected the same bear lumbering along through the wood.

"He looks like a black bear, but he isn't," he muttered softly, and he took the rifle from his shoulder, and drew back the hammer. Again the soft, bird-like whistle sounded upon the still night air. The bear

had halted some little distance off, and seemed to be aiming to reach a certain position in front, and to the right of the white man.

"It's a risky shot," he again muttered, "and will bring the scouting savages upon me like a whirlwind. But it must be risked," and, with a quick, determined motion, he jerked the rifle to his shoulder, glanced through the sights, lightly pressed the trigger.

The next moment the crack of the Avenger's rifle broke the stillness; and the dark, bear-like object, at which it was aimed, uttered a frenzied shriek, very much like that of a human, and tumbled an inert mass to the ground.

"I would rather capture such grizzlies than those like Samson," muttered the white man, as he sprang to cover, and began hastily reloading his piece, looking furtively about him as he did so.

Warrama knew very well that he had shot a Blackfoot, but he did not advance any nearer it, for the purpose of making assurance doubly sure. The terrible school of experience in which he had learned his lesson, had taught him the danger of such a course.

If there was one Indian there, it was more than probable that there were others hard by, for those who knew Warrama at all, knew him so well as to understand that it would be madness for one of their number to seek his capture alone.

And so, scarcely waiting until the charge was rammed home in his gun, the white man began retreating—stealing along in the cautious manner of a forest scout, who is picking his way through the labyrinth of peril, and who is prepared to see an Indian leap from behind every tree he approached.

Again he heard the same cautious whistle, coming from a point very close to where he had slain the pretended bear.

"They are at work," growled the scout, hurrying faster and skulking and dodging along, "I shouldn't wonder if there was quite a tempting reward offered for me by Big Hand."

The only or rather the greatest fear of the man, was that he had been driven into a sort of trap and was surrounded, so that an attempt to withdraw, he would find himself confronted by some of his enemies, and a desperate, deadly fight would be the result.

"The next hundred yards will tell," he growled, as his eyes flashed from one point to the other, occasionally looking to the rear also.

As he hurried forward, he took advantage of what momentary protection he could secure from the intervening rocks and trees, which, however, were of really little use in flitting along as he did.

Warrama had accomplished most of the distance, when he discovered that he was approaching a large-spreading oak, with an immense trunk, and it struck him at once that if there were any red-skins in his immediate vicinity, they were entrenched behind this, and, naturally enough, he shielded off to the left, with his keen eyes centered upon it.

And, looking with his lynx-eyed vigilance, he suddenly detected a gleam of light close beside the trunk, as though a moonbeam had struggled down through the leafy arch above, and been reflected upon some metallic surface.

Only for one second he stood thus, then, knowing that it was an Indian rifle pointed straight at him, he dropped instantaneously upon his face.

At the same instant there was a sharp red flash, and the bullet of the red-skin cut off a twig directly over his body. It had scarcely done so, when Warrama was on his feet again, and running with full speed, directly toward the tree from which the shot had come.

As he had drawn the fire of his foe, he had no purpose of giving him time to reload, and, with the old, burning hatred in his heart, he changed his rifle to his left hand, and grasped his knife in his right, ready and eager to settle up the business with that weapon.

Despite the tragical phase of the scene, there was something ludicrous in the shape it now took. The Blackfoot, who was certain he had the white man "just where he wanted him," suddenly found he had him just where he didn't want him. Fully aware of the eagerness of Big Hand to secure the man for the torture, this Indian had aimed not to kill him, but to wound him in such a manner as to render him helpless.

Considering it certain that he had accomplished his purpose, his consternation therefore was indescribable, when he saw him rushing across the intervening space, like an infuriated tiger, his gleaming knife grasped in one hand, and his terrible face speaking too plainly his intention.

The Indian suddenly concluded he wouldn't wait, and, turning on his heel, he bounded away like a startled antelope, his sole purpose being to keep beyond the reach of that dreaded being who had already slain so many of his kindred.

The sight of the fleeing Indian so exasperated the white man that, contrary to his usual custom, he resolved on overtaking the coward and compelling him to fight. This was extremely imprudent, when it was as good as certain that there were others near at hand, but in his frenzy, he cared not for this, and dashed ahead like a man beside himself.

The race bid fair to become an extended one, but he could see that he was gaining, and he pressed forward with desperation. Only a short distance did the race continue, when the alarmed Indian, looking over his shoulder, and seeing his danger, gave utterance to a peculiar whoop.

Warrama recognized it on the instant as a signal for help, and, knowing that he was running into an ambush, he suddenly halted.

As he did so the signal of the fugitive was answered, from a point so near at hand, that the white man in turn became a fugitive, muttering as he dashed away:

"Ambushed again as sure as fate!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 82.)

**Instinct.**—This principle, common to all animals, is the spontaneous impulse by which they perform certain actions. Under this term should be distinguished the *instinctive faculty* which leads the duckling, unttaught, into the water, and the chicken, equally unttaught, to avoid the water; the bird to fly, a child to try to walk; and the *instinctive motion*, such as the involuntary action of the muscles, as in laughter for pleasure, tears for grief, the act of swallowing, and the methods of locomotion in the various forms of animal life.

## SIMPLE FAITH.

BY FRANK S. FINN.

The night was dark; the wind was high; The little babe in the cradle slept; The mother rocked through the dismal gloom, As the children close to their mother crept. The mother was sad, her tears fell down And dropped on the brow of her oldest born; He looked in her eyes, and eagerly said, "Oh, mother, dear, what makes you mourn?"

Are you afraid of the tempest's wrath? Are you in fear of the thunder wild? Are we not our rock-bound home? "Yes, if we trust in God, my child." Are you afraid of the lightning's dash? Are you in fear of the darkening night? Are we not guarded from every harm? "Yes, if we trust in our Saviour's might."

Your father is in this dreadful storm; And the gleam is dark—his foot may stray; How can I hope his life to save? "I'll tell you, mother—let us pray; If God can keep our house from harm, He'll tell papa which way to take."

Oh, simple faith of that young child! It reached to heaven, and God did hear; He reached to heaven, and God did hear; To the home of the ones he loved so dear. They cared not for the thunder loud, In love, the children longed to creep; They heeded no more the lightning's flash, And the little babe in the cradle slept.

## Lost and Found.

BY SYLVESTER MARLIN.

"How happy we are! How thankful we ought to be!"

Harold Dean addressed his wife, and as he concluded, he danced a pretty cherub of one year up and down upon his knee, laughing, chatting baby-talk, and winning many a dimpled smile and happy cry from their only child.

"Yes," she replied, "we ought to be—we are. Yet, Harold, I fear—oh! I am constantly fearing for our little Edgar. There's a weight upon my heart to-day; a weary, weary feeling that will not be dispelled, strive all I can."

The husband knit his brows. It was not an angry frown that settled upon his face, but one of annoyance.

"Pshaw, Oreille! I know what it is. But, why allow it? You must forget that man and his evil threats. He can not harm you while I am by your side."

"You are not always by my side, Harold," she interrupted, while her head drooped, as if in a controlling melancholy.

"Well, banish the feeling. My word for it, there is no danger. We've heard nothing of him for a long while; so look up—be cheerful for my sake."

She did try to smile; but it was evident the mind of the young wife was ill at ease.

Harold Dean bestowed an affectionate farewell kiss upon her, and started down to his place of business.

"Here, Mamey, take Edgar out into the garden. Let him play with the flowers."

Nurse Mamey received the precious little charge, and Oreille retired, vainly striving to shake off the foreboding which fastened upon her.

Suddenly her ears were greeted with a cry from the garden. It was the voice of the nurse—the accent was one of pain and terror.

With her heart in her throat, she sprang to the window. That which she saw chilled the very blood in her veins.

"My child! My child!" she shrieked. There, just climbing the garden-wall, and bearing in his arms her boy, was a rough clad man, whose bleared countenance wore a satanic expression, and who smiled in grim mockery as he looked back at the window where she stood.

Nurse Mamey lay prostrate on the sward, a crimson blood-mat on his temple telling that the babe had not been wrested from her without a struggle.

Oreille's cry attracted the man's attention. He glanced toward her in devilish triumph, and shouted:

"At last, Oreille! at last! My revenge! You remember my oath?" and, almost before his words died out, he disappeared.

Oreille staggered back, and sunk, insensible, to the floor.

When Harold Dean returned at dinner-time, the story was soon told, and he mingled his grief with his wife's.

"'Twas he, Harold!" she wailed, in an agony of despair. "'Twas Hanson Gregor. He swore, that, if I married you, he would be terribly revenged! And—God pity me! he has kept his oath. Edgar—little Edgar—my child—my darling—lost! lost! lost!"

"Stop, sir. Please wait a minute—please."

The books of the extensive dry goods firm of Messrs. B— & Co. were being closed for the six months ending December 31.

Harold Dean, the head bookkeeper, had to be present at the store that evening, to look over the work of his fellow clerks. At a rapid pace he walked along the street, buttoning his comfortable overcoat closer about him, and gazing thoughtfully down at the snow-covered pavement. He was thinking of a scene, years past, when his child had been stolen from him, and of the gloom which had settled over his house since that day.

"Oh, sir, stop a minute; please do." The cry at first had escaped his ear, but the second appeal—so plaintive and beseeching—aroused him from his reveries.

He stopped short and looked down at the little ragged fellow who so persistently followed him.

"Well, what'll you have, little one? Poor boy, it's too cold for you to be out to-night. What can I do for you?"

"Oh! so cold!" came tremulously from the shivering lips. "But, I don't want no money, sir. I wanted to tell you not to go to the big store to-night—please don't."

"Why, what are you driving at?" asked Harold, in wonderment.

"Because, sir, my father's a awful bad man; an' I heard him say he was going to rob that store to-night. He's found out you're goin' down there; an' so there's two of them goin' to do it, so that, if they fight them, they'll—they'll kill you; I know they will. You know I come in there sometimes to sell matches? Please stay away, or you'll get hurt; an' I don't want you hurt, because you always spoke kindly to me when I come there, and—I like you."

Harold Dean contemplated the trochin in astonishment. The store to be robbed!

"Tell me your name, little waif?"

"I never had any, sir. They call me 'Jack,' an' 'Bill,' an' 'Luck,' an' all that—but I never had any real name."

"And where do you live?"

"There; I can't tell you any thing about myself, because 'Snipe' found out what I've been doin' he'd choke me."

"Who is 'Snipe'?"

"The man I call my father. But, he ain't no father of mine, I know. Remember what I've said, now. Don't go there to-night," and, before Harold could detain him, he darted away.

The young man resumed his walk; and his thoughts now turned upon the warning he had received.

"Can it be he has told me the truth?" he asked himself.

At the store he related what had occurred to one of his employers.

"Pshaw! Nonsense! Stuff!" exclaimed that gentleman, a fidgety old bachelor, who placed no reliance whatever in the story.

"My store robbed! Umph! Run the business for twenty years, I have, and never lost a penny."

"Would it not be better for some one to spend the night here?" urged Dean, suggestively.

"I tell you, sir, it's all nonsense. Why will you bother me?"

Harold Dean bowed and withdrew.

When all had left the store, though, the young man seated himself before the glowing grate, to wait, to watch; for he had resolved to guard his employers' interests, and test the veracity of his mysterious informant.

The hours slipped by, and naught occurred to mar the solemn silence of his surroundings. Midnight came and passed. Alas for his vigil! The arduous duties of the day, and extra work at night, told heavily upon him. Before two o'clock he was sleeping soundly in his chair.

Within the dark blank of slumber there arose a singular mist. In the shaded center of this mist appeared the face of the boy who had warned him to remain away from the store; but it quickly disappeared, to be succeeded by a gleaming knife, on the blade of which was a warning, apparent though undecipherable. The strange vision became more distinct—he grew uneasy.

A spell was upon him. He strove in vain to shake it off. Blinding flashes rayed upon him from the polished blade of the murderous weapon; yet he could not move, could not awaken; the torture of mind was unbearable.

His nerves were strung to their utmost. He could hear himself groan with pain. But the evil enchantment would not break—a voice whispered in his ear of danger.

Presently he awoke with a start.

A smothered curse rung in his ears; something descended upon his temple, and he fell senseless to the floor.

Only for a moment did his eyes rest upon the room and its contents; but, in that moment, the face of his assailant was photographed in his memory.

Consternation seized the gentlemen of the firm when, on opening the store at the regular hour, Harold Dean was found insensible and bleeding—the safe blown open and rifled of its more valuable contents.

It was an ugly wound that scarred and disfigured the young man's temple; but it was not dangerous. By noon he had almost entirely recovered.

Like a ministering angel, Oreille moved at the bedside of her injured husband; and her heart leaped with joy when the physician pronounced him out of danger.

"Take care of him, madam; keep him quiet, and he'll soon be all right," said the man of medicine.

"Is he in a condition to talk yet?" Two gentlemen of the firm of B— & Co. had, unobserved, entered the darkened room.

"I guess so. Try him," and the worthy physician withdrew.

"Two gentlemen wish to see you, Harold," said Oreille, softly, as she smoothed back the dark, glossy locks from his pale brow.

"Bid them come to me, Oreille. I can see them."

At a sign from her, they came forward.

"Ah! Mr. Dean; glad to see you improving so rapidly. Are you strong enough to tell us, now, how this unfortunate affair came about?"

The story was soon told. Harold Dean could faithfully describe the man who struck him, and Messrs. B— & Co. at once began to entertain hopes of the recovery of their property.

A detective was immediately summoned, to whom full particulars were given. When the description of the burglar was given, the detective nodded his head and puckered his lips in an expression of satisfaction.

"Um! Just so. Now, I know exactly who this is, I imagine."

"Thief?—the would-be assassin, Mr. Borden?" the elder partner of the firm gazed anxiously into the detective's face.

"Of course! Who else? It's Drake Pitzer—a notorious ruffian he is, too. Don't know him?—no, guess not. But, I do. He's great a scoundrel, and let the gallows go hungry after him! Fact?"

"Five hundred dollars if you secure him, Mr. Borden."

"Oh? Oh, yes—five hundred. Go? Well, all right; I'll spot him, rest assured."

At precisely ten P. M. that night, John Borden left police headquarters armed, resolute, confident.

Great banks of stormy clouds marked the sky, and spitting snow occasionally wafted in his face as he wended his way through the darker, less-frequented, more uninviting portions of the American Babylon.

"I'll find him at Moll Heger's," he thought. "His hiding-place. I know him well. Drake Pitzer—yes—I've been watching you, my fine fellow, for some time past. I'm after you now!—me, Jack Borden. Look sharp, so—so; here—we—are—now—"

He paused before a rickety frame building with basement door and crumbling, decayed, uncertain steps leading to the second story.

A light flickered through the window at the head of the steps. Ascending noiselessly, he turned the door-knob. It yielded to his touch; in another moment, he confronted the occupants of the room.

There were seated at a scantily-spread table a man and a raggedly-attired youth. The first was, beyond a doubt, the party described by Harold Dean—the latter was he who had given Harold information of the proposed robbery.

"Ah!" said Borden, quietly. "This is Drake Pitzer, or I'm mistaken."

"That's my name. What do you want of me?" replied and asked the rough, who had started up and back as Borden so unceremoniously entered.

"Oh! a little business, that's all," he began, rolling up his sleeves, then rubbed his hands together, contemplating the other the while with a complacent look.

"Better take yourself out of here," growled Pitzer, suspiciously watching the detective's movements.

"Illustrious jackass! I shall do nothing

of the sort. Why, see here—don't you know me? Hey? Don't know who I am? You ought to. You know I've been following you up for a while past. Haven't seen me dodging round some? Wonderful! Look close."

For a few seconds, Pitzer bent a searching look upon him, and then said, with desperate emphasis:

"Yes, I know you; but you don't want nothin' of me—"

"Yes I do. You're out. For burglary last night. Come, Drake Pitzer, I'm after you. Surrender!" and he advanced to grasp his prisoner.

"No, you don't!" cried Pitzer, defiantly. "If you want me, come and take me, and to thunder with you—try it!" and, quick as a flash, he bounded down a flight of stairs at the back of the room.

The detective was no less rapid in movement than he. Swift as an arrow from the bow, he sped after him.

Reaching the floor below, he halted abruptly in his pursuit, for something pre-empted which he had not counted on.

With his back against the door leading to the street stood the ruffian, his repulsive features distorted with a broad grin, while at his side were three hardened characters well known to the police as persistent offenders. Each flashed a knife in his hand and scowled upon the comer.

"Who's who?" yelled Pitzer. "Where are we now? Listen. Do you hear that?" (the sound of many feet were heard shuffling overhead.)

"There's more fellers a-comin'. You're done up, old detch. Whoop! At 'im, boys!"

They were the offensive, now. Four desperate villains who hated all law deputies with direct ardency. The situation was startling. Borden saw that he had invaded a horrid's nest. Those who had entered above were now descending the stairs.

Quick as thought, his revolver leaped from its case to his hand.

"Crack!" went the first barrel.

The foremost fell headlong to the floor, with a ball in his shoulder front.

Drake Pitzer launched himself upon the detective with a cry of rage.

"Crack! crack!" two more shots and as many shrieks of pain.

Half-a-dozen men filled the room. The mass swayed from wall to wall, and loud curses arose above the din.

"Bang!" another man went down with an ugly wound in his breast.

Borden was sore pressed. Already had he received severe wounds, and the blood freely flowed from cuts on his face. But, he could and did fight. Hither and thither, jumping, darting, twisting, squirming, turning, he leaped, striking where he could and discharging the loads of his revolver in rapid succession.

The smoke of the room was choking.

"Thud! Thud! Thud!" the butt of the weapon descended upon Pitzer's head, and the burglar became limp in the arms of the man with whom he struggled.

At this instant, the basement door was kicked from its hinges, and the policeman of that beat threw himself into the melee.



# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

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## THE PROMISED STORY!

We shall at once commence

## The Dark Secret!

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON,  
(MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.)

which we characterized, upon its first announcement, some months ago, as a "very powerful love story," and this it is; it is one of the noted author's earlier and best productions, and one which our readers will peruse with great satisfaction.

## Our Arm-Chair.

**Correction.**—The sketch, "Johnny Clemm," lately published in our columns, was written by W. W. Carter, Esq., of Baltimore, and originally published in the "Grand Army Journal," No. 50, from whence it was copied and remitted to us as original by a person signing himself "H. Cadwallader," Philadelphia—a fictitious name—doubtless, assumed to cover up a contemptible literary theft. This Cadwallader will consider himself consigned to the Rogues' Gallery which editors are constrained to open for such impostors.

**The Coming Comet.**—The return of Encke's comet is now one of the astronomical sensations. It will be telescopically visible in a few weeks. It is from observations made on this comet that enables astronomers to determine the physical fact that all planets or bodies revolving around the sun are slowly gravitating toward the great celestial center. Encke's comet has shortened its orbit to the extent of three days in eighty years; and will, in due process of time, wholly disappear within the sun's body. Is this to be the end of all creation—to at length drop into the fiery bosom of the Universe's center?

**Let them Cry!**—Let the children cry. Don't try to suppress their tears. It is their normal condition under the influence of passion or pain. A French physician has published a lengthy essay on the advantages of groaning and crying in general. He contends that these are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and surgical operations than those who suppress it. Nay, worthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions.

The moral of which is—groan and cry when you feel like it. If any thing hurts you, "holer!" right out. If you are frightened, scream. If you lose a fish, cry instead of sputtering hard-shelled epithets. If you do a mean act, go to bed and snivel over it. If your girl jilts you, sigh over it like an organ-loft. If your girl accepts you, how?

A graduated scale of emotional expression wouldn't be a bad thing for the learned Frenchman to prepare—particularly if he could patent-right it and sell it for five dollars per scale.

**Just Our View.**—A correspondent, L. A. M., expresses himself thus on the question of a paid literature and a stolen:

"I am glad to find that we have one paper in this land of ours that is wholly American. The great fault I have to find with many papers is, that their serials are nearly all English, and that which is American appears to be thrown aside. The warfare which the 'Star Journal' is making upon this kind of publications is just and right. I claim that America has authors just as good, if not better, than the English, and I can not see why ours should be shown the cold shoulder while they receive the highest marks of favor. Go on in your course, and may the time speedily come when English literature shall be 'below par' in America! Success to the brightest star in the literary firmament!"

So long as our purveyors of reading matter give preference to what is foreign just so long we shall have no distinctive home or National Literature. Even the monthly magazine, "Old and New," has gone abroad for its serial novel; so that it may be said there is not now a single monthly magazine of any note which has not almost literally banished American novel writers from its pages! Our Pictorial Weeklies, too, are British—over one-half of their matter being reprinted from English periodicals. To the great popular weeklies like this journal must American authors turn for encouragement and support.

**The New Tipple.**—He who invents a new dish, or a new way to prepare an old dish of food is a benefactor; but what shall be said of him who invents a new intoxicating beverage? "Cocktails," "cobbles," "smashes," "punches," "eye-openers," "juleps," "toddlies," etc., etc., are simply names for one and the same thing—poisonous spirits, hot or cold. A new liquor has not been known since the appearance of absinthe, which, being the last, is also the worst of all intoxicants—a dreadful agent in destroying nerve and brain power.

But a positively original and hitherto unknown compound for producing drunkenness has been announced. It comes to us from Ireland, the land of potent and arrack. It is called methylated ether or methylin. Its virtue is that it will make drunk come with remarkable facility, and that its influence wears off so quickly that a man can get drunk and sober four or five times a day. It is, besides, very cheap—a great consideration in these days of potent cognie and mountain-dew.

We shall soon expect to see a methylated man among us.

## NERVES.

NERVES are recognized generally as the peculiar prerogative of womanhood, but occasionally an individual of the genus masculine is found to assert his right of sharing equally with the weaker sex the questionable privilege of their possession.

Did you ever know a man so afflicted? Did you ever bear with the importunities, the fault-finding, the impossibility to please or be pleased, which the delicate organism of the "noble animal" is sure to develop? If not, you have missed one of the most complex, contradictory, trying, and altogether pitifully-despicable phases to which the manly nature has yet been subjected.

The affection is very apt to give rise to hallucinations, vividly troublesome as they are fallacious. Its victim imbues a thoroughly erroneous idea, and hangs to it with the persistence of grim death, taking a kind of morbid pleasure in his own obstinacy and the consequent misery attendant thereupon.

He vents his own petulance upon those about him, and resents the uncomplaining resignation with which his vagaries are borne as a most absolute disregard of his fancied sufferings. He puts on the countenance of a martyr, assumes the guise of heroic submission, and gravely assures you that no man ever suffered as he suffers, mentally and physically, and illustrates his assertion with a long-drawn account of his manifold ailments.

He adds with a sigh that his burden of affliction might be lightened, his acutely sensitive nature spared many injurious shocks, if only his desires were sometimes consulted, his preferences gratified. He deprecates the indifference manifested by persons who are less the victims of adverse circumstances than himself, and paints in glowing language the model of affectionate solicitude, untiring watchfulness, and patient forbearance which he would become were he permitted the inestimable privilege of acting the ministering angel, instead of accepting ministration.

In addition to his purely personal discomforts, he appears to be marked the sport of circumstances—a puppet played upon by progressive series of events, which, by his own showing, Fate has promulgated with a view to causing him annoyance.

His surroundings are ever at variance with his comfort. Either his residence is so small that the crowded rooms oppress him with a stifling sensation which clogs alike the functions of his corporeal being, and his otherwise exalted aspirations, or it is so large that the emptiness of space exerts a depressing influence by reminding him of the hollowness and deceit of the fairest earthly works.

If it is situated in a lively, pushing place, the noises of the locality jar upon him; if in a retired spot, such solitary existence preys upon him like the corruptions of moth and rust upon temporal treasures.

If the wind blows from the east, Eolus has been let loose to bring especial blight and chill upon him. If the air is soft and balmy, he suffers from such sultry calmness; if keen and searching, a hundred aches immediately assail him.

If a door creaks, he goes into spasms of agony; if the hinges are oiled, and the working joints of domestic machinery revolve like clockwork, the motive of silence so implicitly obeyed reminds him of the stillness which precedes funeral rites. His diet never agrees with him; his capricious taste will permit him no enjoyment of epicurean delicacies; his meals are never ready at the precise instant he is prepared to partake of them with infinite relish, and the result is—though no one remarks the fact except himself—that he is unable to receive the nourishment his body requires.

No other man was ever so disturbed by those nuisances of the night, prowling cats and howling dogs. None so troubled by amateur musicians in neighboring families; so afflicted by the wrangling of quarrelsome urchins in the vicinity; so wearied by an influx of talkative callers who may be influenced by purely philanthropic motives, but the emphasis he places on the auxiliary verb betrays his conviction to the contrary.

But it is in his own family that he finds greatest cause for grief. If the members of the household endeavor to divert him from the contemplation of his ailments by cheerful conversation and amusements, he laments their heartlessness and lack of sympathy. If they fall in with his mood and condole his misery, he is confident they mean to hurry him into a premature grave by the gloom thus cast upon his spirits.

Heaven help the poor wife of this nervous hypochondriac! What fate can be more hopelessly hard than that hers? Here so life is spent in endeavoring to meet his conflicting demands, her only recompense the knowledge that the daily and hourly sacrifices she is called upon to make are not merely unappreciated, but perverted into appearances of willful disregard.

If the baby cries, she encourages it to do so as a purely provocative measure. No matter though she has striven by every means in her power to soothe the morsel of humanity to which has descended a fair portion of the paternal infirmities of temper and nerves, no kindly word of sympathy for her trials lightens her dreary round of ceaseless duties.

Is it any wonder that she is worn down into a semblance of the cart-horse which the graphic description declares, "always falls down when he's took out o' the cab, but when he's in it he bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down, and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on; so we've had to move they mule after him, and he must go on—he can't help it!"

So the poor woman is driven ahead by the immense wheels of unceasing tasks. No one ever suspects the fact of her possessing nerves, until it is made evident some day by their sudden giving way beneath long tension, like the flickering out of a wasted light.

The bereaved husband deprecates the inconsiderateness of this sudden closing of the drama of her life, and declares that his delicate organism can never sustain the shock. But, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he is not only enabled to survive the affliction with admirable fortitude, but recovers a supremacy over his nerves sufficient to air his craze and his grief together before the view of sympathizing friends; and as the gradual narrowing of the one betokens the diminution of the other, the chances are that a successor to the patient, much-enduring wife has been chosen to occupy the place left vacant by that "victim of nerves."

J. D. B.

## DEAD-HEADING.

DEAD-HEADING ought to be put a stop to, or at least there should be a limit put to it. How very anxious people are to obtain any thing, if they can get it free. Supposing there were no payments asked for any commodity, how should we progress at all, and what would be the use of money?

Theatrical managers, circus proprietors, and the like craft, are pestered for "orders," "passes," etc. This is not right; the caterer of a good entertainment, like the laborer, "is worthy of his hire," and he should receive it, but he can not support himself if this wholesale dead-head system continues. His expenses are very large, and the dead-heads can not aid in the payment of them; if they could, they would be of some service.

How much better a person feels, to walk up to the ticket office, and to pay for his ticket, than if he went and requested "a free order" of the box office keeper! Managers love to oblige, but they can not sacrifice their livelihood for the sake of pleasing a few, who are able yet unwilling to pay for their admittance. If you buy articles at a store, you expect to pay for them, and if the goods are of a decent quality, you do not find it hard to do so. Why is not the same rule applicable to the amusement world? But, if the manager does not distribute his hundred "complimentaries," he is set down as mean and stingy, without one spark of generosity in his composition! This may seem slightly exaggerated, but we assure you that it is not. Experience would teach you to credit it.

And will not this sponging for papers free come under the title of dead-heading? There are numerous insane individuals who imagine that it costs nothing, or next to nothing to publish a good paper. The books of the season might convince them of their error, but until such an examination is made, will they let go their idea.

Some persons get their year's reading free by sending for specimen copies of periodicals—never for a moment thinking they will subscribe for any of them. Perhaps they will pay a visit to the editor's sanctum, on publication day, so as to get a look at the paper without paying for it.

They would like to get their preaching gratis, too, and keep their pastors on a niggardly allowance, and even go so far as to brag about how little it costs to keep their church open! They seem to think it a charity to give to the man who is endeavoring to lead them to Heaven. Do they ever think how he is toiling for their good? Yet, when he gets superannuated and broken down, they may look on his poverty as the effects of their dead-head selfishness.

Did you ever place the matter in this light before? Do you not consider that that which is worth having is worth paying for? Take for your motto, "Live and let live," but how is it possible for you to let others live if you sponge and dead-head at the rate now so prevalent? This is a matter worth thinking about, and if prevented will put an end to "dead-heading."

F. S. F.

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

WOMEN should be educated for society, with as much purpose as any thing else. Will you educate women in order that they may gain a livelihood? And will you not educate them that they may become a power? Will you educate them for usefulness in the nursery, the kitchen and the sick-room; and will you not educate them for the parlor, where all they are comes to play? Will you educate them that they may teach children, and will you not educate them to sway men? Will you educate some single faculty of theirs for some high employment? And will you not educate heart in the fine work of shaping character?

Of women teachers, such as they are, there is no lack. Of women philanthropists there are quite enough. For the present, a sufficient number of women lecture and preach. But where are the women who are mistresses of the noble art of conversation, in which they are made to excel?

The position of woman as a social being, in the circle which is her world, is won by culture—culture of the voice by music; culture of the organs of speech by elocution; culture in grammar, and rhetoric and the resources of the dictionary. The very mode of talking, is an art worth cultivating. Then the materials for conversation: where do they come from? The dressmaker and the milliner, the jeweler and the confectioner, the cook and the chambermaid, inexhaustible as they are, do not quite supply them.

The last fashion will go a great way, but will not quite carry a lady through. What a shame that so much eloquence should be spent on belts and buckles! If women would only talk small things in a large way, there would be no small talk, even about slippers and gloves. To have a hundred ladies and gentlemen in a room, and to have the ladies discuss what their friends wore at the last assembly!

Women should study history, biography, the annals of social life. They should study the living languages and read the living literature in prose and verse. They should be able to talk about music and painting, and sculpture. They should cultivate the imagination of the great masters. They should be acquainted with the society in which they live. They should know the ideas that are abroad. They should be instructed in the current politics of the day.

Surely, a social ambition as noble as that I have presented would carry them through studies as delightful as these. If they will learn a little of all these things without any object whatever, they would learn them thoroughly with such an object as this in view.

C. T.

## "WHAT A PRETTY RED WORLD!"

I was out in my yard the other day when two little urchins came trotting up the street, and one of them picked up a piece of red glass from the sidewalk. Popping it up to his eyes, he held one shut, and with the other took a general survey through the glass.

"Oh, what a pretty red world!" he sung out. "What a pretty red world! Oh, see what a pretty red world!"

"Ah, my little friend," thought I, as he trotted on, "it isn't the world that is red; it is the glass you look through."

And with us older ones, who look through so many pieces of figurative glass, it isn't the world; it is the glass we look through which gives the color!

Sometimes every thing grows pleasant around us. Fortune favors, friends are kind, health is sound, nature is fresh and sweet, the sunshine is bright, the air balmy,

and it is a joy just to be living. Then, every thing wears a hue of loveliest rose-color, and we cry out in delight: "Oh, what a pretty red world!"

But, life does not always go on so smoothly. Little losses and little crosses beset our everyday path in any station. Little plans fail, friends disappoint, somebody bothers us and we get out of humor. Then, the pretty, charming rose-color fades from the sky we gaze on, and we sigh, fretfully: "Oh, what a dingy, gray old world!"

And this may be all. Sickness may overtake us; we may suffer strong physical agony, the heavy loss of fortune or of friends; death, even, may smite our nearest and dearest, and we may be helpless and friendless. Then from gray the skies grow darker and deeper, and, looking sadly through the glass of circumstances, we moan: "Oh, what a dismal, black world!" There are some happy natures who live in a perpetual sunshine of their own making—whose skies have always one spot of soft rose-color, be it ever so small. They may, and will, for mortals all do, meet with their troubles and trials—their daily pathway may lie straight through the midst of a host of little, stinging thorns, but they will manage to get some sunshine out of every thing as they go, and be the happier for it, besides making every one around them happier.

M. D. B.

## Foolscap Papers.

### Agricultural and Other Machines.

My Reaper and Mower will chew any thing from a beefsteak to a field of wheat. You attach it to a saw-mill and all you have to do is bring your field of grain into it. It cuts close. My friend Jones each year has had a field of wheat which grew so small he was obliged to let it and then have it with a razor—it was the only way he could get it cut. This machine saves him that trouble. It cuts every thing clean. It will cut down trees and cut them up into cord-wood, cut clothes in the highest style of the art, and also cut sausage-meat, twenty carats fine or finer. It is a self-adjusting, self-regulating, self-supporting, self-satisfied, over-shot Turbine, self-developed, uncomplicated, three-ply, dried-in-the-wool, well-finished carpets on the floor. To keep up with the progressive spirit of the age it contains a reading-room, a sleeping-room, a dining-room, a bath-house and all other modern improvements. It is a regular Pull-man's Drawing-room Palace Plow.

The Uncompromising Plow is really the best thing that ever was born for turning the earth upside down. It has two shares, one of excellent steel and one share in the Erie railroad. These plows go deep or shallow just as you desire. Johnson said the one he bought went twenty-seven feet deep—that is, he threw it into a well. It will turn over any amount of land in a day; it recently turned a very large farm over to the old man's heirs, who had waited for it a long time. In the late war it was used to plow through the ranks of the enemy, and did excellent service. It runs so easily that you don't have to hitch horses to it unless you have a mind to, for thirteen men will pull it right along. It is also a nice thing to slide down hill on in the winter; the only trouble is that you will have to leave it down there as it is too heavy to get up again.

It is a splendid thing for the babies to play with, or use to bite on when they are cutting teeth. It is better than a cradle in the house, and housewives prefer it to baking-powder. This plow is very gentle and never kicks or balks, and any lady can drive it. You can let it stand in the fence corner and you can go to sleep without any trouble on them.

The improved Pick-ax is a splendid thing, and is the best implement to pick a living with that ever was. All Irishmen use it whenever they want to pick a quarrel. It is shaped like, and suits to, a T. All of our farmers use it to pick apples and grapes, and our city gangs use it to pick up an acquaintance, or to pick their teeth and their company. Some of our city fellows use it and find it very handy to pick pockets. I use it to pick pimples and boils! It is the great silver-mounted, flannel-lined, trunk-handled, uncorruptible and unprejudiced pick that ever was or wasn't.

The universal two-horse-power Fanning-Mill can't be beat. It will take all the chaff out of twenty bushels of grain in ten minutes and the chaff will be warranted to catch old birds, too. Every ship is provided with one for the purpose of raising a breeze. Every young lady should have one and leave her fan at home. They are guaranteed to fan love's dying flame into a living blaze. They are better than a blacksmith's bellows for blowing hot potatoes or other musical instruments. Moneyless debtors can raise the wind with one of them in a short time.

The world-renowned Drill will drill more wheat than any other; it will drill seventy-five bushels to the acre and more, frequently. The beauty of it is, it furnishes its own wheat. It has been known to drill holes in stone and iron, when nothing else would do it. It has drilled a whole regiment in Hallowell's tactics in two days with only one horse. It is a one-horse thing, anyway.

The New-Fangled Scales have never been scaled yet. Book-keepers use them to balance their accounts, and on them overbalanced heads are regulated. The butchers are all in favor of them, and people going to market find that they haven't so much of a load to carry, as twenty pounds of beef is just one-half lighter. They will scale a fish, or you can scale a mountain with them, and you can weigh other people's actions on them.

The Patent Breach-loading Revolving Horse Rake will rake up an acquaintance, rake up excuses, rake a ship fore and aft, or rake up money.

The Thoroughbred Knitting Machine will knit socks and broken bones, and knit old ties—it is death on *ties*.

The Family Bee Hive will turn out three dozen of combs, coarse and fine-toothed, a day—without any honey in them, however.

These articles for sale by

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. prepared for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MSS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked "Book, M. A.," and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choicest first-class matter we exchange; second, upon exchange of MS. as "copy" of third, length, of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never return on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note also paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Contributors must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We place on file for use the following stories, sketches, essays, etc., etc.: "Uncle Robert's Hair," "My Strataem," "Remembrance," "Midnight Duel," "A Mad Cap," "Autumn Fancies," "Moths," etc.

We must, for various reasons, pronounce the following contributions unavailable. Those are returned for which stamps were enclosed: "Shadowed Life," "Running the Gunline," "The Red White and Blue," "A Novice's Novitiate," "The Patent Gourmand," "Down the Coast," "Fishing with a Snook," "A Tender," "The House of the Future," "Behind the Curtain," "Smithson's Hobby," "A New Departure," "Julia Mortimer's Lover."

M. T. J. Poem is too involved, giving it a forced or constrained expression. Choose simpler rhythm-forms.

L. A. MURILLO. The true name of the author is attached to "The Silent Hunter." The two novels by Lient, Henry L. Boone are merely reprints, with a fictitious name.

KNOWLEDGE-SEEKER. Sir William Wallace was born about A. D. 1270. He was a bitter foe to the English invaders of Scotland and drove them from his country for a time; but was at length betrayed and captured, and was executed in London A. D. 1305.

P. P. H. Can not furnish you with papers printed upon one side only. You will have to purchase two copies to scissor from for your scrap-book.

LIZZIE L. The "Language of the Handkerchief" is now a well-defined *Code of Signals* by which young people in society do much of their talking. If you and your lover want to talk in public without speaking, learn the "code" as given in BEADLE'S *Dress Lover's Casket*, and you will find much other interesting information regarding Love, Courtship and Marriage, the Language of Flowers, the Language of Kings, etc.

J. P. M. Subscription expires with No. 82. Thank you for your friendly notice and appreciation of our efforts to please the people.

S. G. W. There is no mode of reaching the diamond fields of South Africa save by taking steamer or rail vessel which will stop at Cape Town. Consult the ship advertisements in the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*.

FRANK JONES. Can not tell you how to get rid of your wrinkles. If they are, as we suspect, a part of your face, you will have to wear them.

D. C. G. The dialect poem, "Shaky Flat," was given in a late issue under the name of a matter on file that some must "wait a little longer." "The Teamster's Story" we will give place to with pleasure. The writer is quite happy in this peculiar field of composition, so distinct from the usual.

ETTIE CARSON. We have frequently met with persons, both men and women, whose odor of insensible perspiration was very disagreeable. This odor can be cured, and it is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia, and place about two table-spoonsful in a basin of water. Waving the face and hands over this leaves the skin as clean, sweet and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless, and very cheap. Avoid all patent angers, and avoid the washes and lotions, for they are expensive humbugs.

W. W. C. The sketch referred to came to us through the mail from Philadelphia. We will remit your letter to the assumed author, and he will be happy to say about it. We have other MSS. by the same party in hand. Thank you for your note.

A. S. There certainly is no cure for consumption, when it once is well settled. The thousands and one professed remedies are so many traps to catch the money of anxious invalids. Exercise, travel, residence in a dry atmosphere are the best correctives to the tendency to bronchial and lung affections.

MARION S. In a business note at hand, says: "You some time since announced 'a powerful love story' by Mrs. May Agnes Fleming. I have not seen it. I expect it!" We answer: It had been our purpose to hold it back until late in the year; but have determined to start it in an early number, to avoid simultaneous appearance with a story by the same author in another paper.

ELLA DEANE. If your black sponge dress has been stained, but is beautiful if it be washed with water, and reduce it to a pint. A sponge dipped in this liquid and rubbed upon them will entirely remove stains from capes and dresses.

ROSE TINK. Authors do not have to take out a license.—We always return MSS. where stamps are enclosed for such return.—A kiss on the lip means love.—The marriage by a Justice is just as binding as a marriage by a person. Never let a stranger sanction the marriage rite.

OCEAN BOY. You are a foreigner born and therefore must take out an naturalization papers.—Your writing is not bad, but can be improved by practice.

H. C. D. K. A Debating Club can assume any title or name it chooses. Say "Excutor," "Mutual Benefit," "Demosthenes," "Webster," etc., etc.

SHEET-ANCHOR TOM. Washing in butternut water, will tinge the skin brown.—Call at Scribner's book-store for the book named.—Back numbers supplied, price six cents each.

READER. "Ouida" is an English lady of wealth and position in society, and though we admit her superior intellectual qualities, we regard her work of fiction as improper reading for the pure in heart. Fire Fly, as played a season ago at Wallack's Theatre, by "Lotta," was a woman who dressed like one of Ouida's works, entitled, "Under Two Flags."

CLINTON. There are no set rules to govern a correspondence between friends. If a person writes to a correspondent with at all, we think he or she, as the case may be, is worthy of a letter whenever you feel inclined to write. In fact, write as you would call whenever you so desire. If you are assured your letters are acceptable. The idea of waiting for answers to each letter, when friends are corresponding, is preposterous.

MCINTOSH. If your salary does not warrant extravagance, you should not have been led away in a moment of enthusiastic adoration for a lady, to promise her a present you knew you could not afford to give.

IDA. Flirting upon the street with gentlemen with whom you are not acquainted is disreputable, the extreme of a woman who deliberately smug in a man's face while he is passing her, and who is a total stranger, has only herself to blame if he does her and responds to her advances, and she is home. She alone is to blame for his impudence.

HETTIE. Vigorous exercise, a cheerful disposition, a good conscience, and determination to do right, you will find the best things to give you a good appetite and cause you to sleep soundly.

LAUNDRESS. A little spirit placed in starch, we believe gives the smooth, airy glossiness to linen that we see upon new shirt-bosoms.

MEDICAL STUDENT. Unless you were thoroughly acquainted with medicinal prescriptions, you should have attempted to give a sick person medicine upon your personal belief of what you deemed right. You deserved the right you got by the mistake you made.

JOURNAN. A man should never marry a woman upon an acquaintance of a month. Neither person can properly understand the other in so short a time, and a marriage is a lifetime contract—or at least was so once.

KNOWLEDGE. Lemuel Haynes was a colored clergyman, a native of Hartford, Conn., born in 1753, and dying in 1843. He served in the Revolutionary army, afterward became a minister, and as a scholar was greatly respected.

JEWESS. The word in Hebrew, *Yam Soof*, when translated, means "Reddy Sea."

SCOTIA. Hebron is one of the oldest of existing cities; it was the home, at one time, of the Patriarch Abraham, and afterward of King David. The translation of the Arabic name, signifies "The Friend."

PERM. The most perfect system of teaching a language is by conversation alone. It is more rapid, and interests a pupil more in the language than when lessons have to be learned from books. But all teaching must, to be thorough, be supplemented by study of proper Grammars of the language.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



## THE GUARDIAN TREE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Once on a time a rosebush grew  
Within a garden bed,  
And nursed by sunshine, breeze and dew,  
Upraised its verdant head.  
Kind nature o'er its branches flung  
The clust'ring leaves' embrace,  
And round its head sweet blossoms hung,  
A coronal of grace!

Just down beside the larger stem  
Two infant buds were born—  
Each one a lovely, perfect gem,  
The parent to adorn.  
Close hid as bird's nest sheltering wings,  
They lay in soft repose,  
The one a tiny, wayward thing,  
And one almost a rose.

But while they clung beside the stem,  
It chanced, one gloomy day,  
The hapless buds, alas for them!  
Were plucked and borne away.  
The younger blossom shivering said,  
"I faint with douth and fear,  
The storm beats cold upon my head,  
Alas! I perish here!"

Outspoke the older blossom then—  
"Nay, lift thy drooping form,  
And nestle close beside me, when  
Thou shrinkest from the storm."  
"I'll be thy shelter, hour by hour;  
Cling close and trust to me;  
Be thou henceforth the budding flower,  
And I the parent tree."

And so the timid bud looked up  
With hope and courage new,  
And sunbeams daily kissed the cup  
That night had bathed with dew.  
Can't read the riddle, sister mine,  
I've written for thee eyes?  
That tender guardian hand was *thine*,  
The wayward bud was *I*!

## Strange Stories.

## WERE YOU EVER HUNG?

BY AGILE PENNE.

I REPEAT the question: were you ever hung? I don't believe that you were ever strung up at the end of a long rope and felt the death-noose choking the life out of you.

It's a very peculiar sensation, at least one would think so. Very few have ever experienced that sensation and lived to talk about it. Luckily, for the benefit of the world at large, I am acquainted with one man who was hung, and as I happen to know all about the circumstances, I will relate the story of the event.

At the close of the war the Little Arkansas regiment assembled in Little Rock, the capital of the State, were paid off and mustered out of the service.

Thrown thus upon the world, Othello's occupation gone, was a certain captain. As it is always easier to write of a personal adventure in the first person, for the nonce, I will say that the officer was myself, and dub the hero of my story Captain Penne.

Having changed the line of Uncle Sam for the plain clothes of the civilian, I looked around for something to do. I had not acquired a fortune in following the flag, never having had the good luck to be a quartermaster, or a provost-marshal; had not swindled the Government nor run in "cotton."

By profession, before adopting the trade of arms, I was a civil engineer; so, going North, I obtained employment on one of the new lines of railways being constructed in Iowa. That line finished, I took charge of a section of a Missouri road. That job ended, I went back to St. Louis, and remained idle there for about four months. At the end of that time I accepted another engagement, so that in the month of November, 1869, nearly four years after I had been mustered out of the United States service at Little Rock, I found myself in charge of a section of the Memphis and Little Rock railroad, in the State of Arkansas.

The line was put through from Hopefield, opposite Memphis, to the town of L'Angeville, a delightful village of about three houses, situated on the edge of a dense swamp, known as the L'Angeville "bottom," over which the line was to be carried by a trestle-work some two miles long.

To build the trestle was a part of my work. On the rising ground beyond the "bottom," the line was being graded, and in fact was nearly ready for the iron. Some six hundred negroes were camped at various points along the line, forming the working parties.

At the time that I took charge of the trestle-work, about half a mile of it was built. The train from Memphis ran to L'Angeville, where the passengers were put into Concord coaches and transported by road to White river, some forty miles; there they took a little steamboat up to Duval's Bluff, and then again by rail to Little Rock.

As the reader will see by this, the line was in working order at each end, and unfinished in the middle.

I had a pretty rough gang of men with me, and two of them were decidedly "hard cases." These were, one Seth Spaulding, a fellow from lower Arkansas, who had served in Fagan's brigade, attached to the Confederate army commanded by Kirby Smith, and Dennis Mack, an Irishman, and an ugly, brutal fellow when he got a little whiskey in him. These two men had assumed a sort of leadership over the rest of the workmen, and I saw at once, when I took command, that I should have trouble with either one or both of the fellows.

I had been at work upon the trestle about three months, and hadn't made a great deal of progress, for both money and materials were scantily supplied. The road was not in good condition, financially speaking. As the men were not paid regularly, it was very hard indeed to keep them to their work.

With the negro graders on the line over the prairie, the case was different; they had never been used to receiving much money, and as long as the pork and corn held out, they were pretty well satisfied with the promises of pay.

The hunting in the L'Angeville "bottom" was pretty fair, coons were plenty, and, as I had a splendid dog—a brown water-spaniel, Danger by name—and a good double-barreled gun, whenever my men "knocked off" work to wait for their money, or the promise of it—more often it was the promise than the "stamps"—I amused myself with Danger and my gun in the swamp. I was not entirely without companionship, as my darkey "Jim," who had first followed my fortunes when I wore the army blue, had clung to them in my railroad life.

"Jim" was one negro picked out of a thousand; an honest, faithful fellow, brave as a lion and as true as steel. He was a great favorite with the darkey graders at Camp Slab—the first station beyond us on the line—as he played the banjo splendidly,

and in cutting a pigeon-wing or double-shuffle, he excelled any colored Adonis on the line of road.

On Thanksgiving morning—I remember it as though it were only yesterday, a dull, damp feeling in the air, the sun was trying to struggle through the clouds and a chill touch in the air that went right to one's bones—my men had struck work. They had been promised a month's pay that morning, but, of course, as I hadn't received any money, I couldn't satisfy their demands.

I saw plainly that they were nearly all on the influence of liquor, and were disposed to be ugly. Spaulding and Mack acted as spokesmen for the gang. I told them quietly that I hadn't any money, but that, as Colonel Williams, the superintendent of the road, would undoubtedly be over from Memphis in the train, which was due at L'Angeville about 10:30, they had better go to their work, as it was pretty certain that he would bring the pay with him.

Mack replied, with an ugly look on his face, that he'd be cursed if he did another stroke of work until he got what was due him.

Then the delegation retired. I knew that it was no use to attempt to argue with them, so I did not try to detain them. Colonel Williams had written me that he would bring the money with him, and for me to have the pay-rolls ready.

After the men had retired, Jim came and asked permission to go over to Camp Slab, as the hands were going to have a sort of a jollification, and his presence with his banjo was indispensable. Of course I gave the required permission and Jim departed.

The 10:30 train came in and brought Colonel Williams as I had expected, but no money.

The affairs of the railroad had got in a terrible state. Some few shares of the stock were owned by parties resident in the State of Arkansas. These few stockholders had met, held an election of their own, elected a new set of officers and seized the road. The colonel was then on his way to Little Rock to take measures to defeat this bold attempt to steal a railroad. Therefore, instead of being able to pay out money the colonel needed all he could get to fee lawyers.

I frankly told Williams that I didn't think that the men would do another stroke of work without they received their pay. He replied, with equal frankness, that, for the present, until the railroad war was ended, he'd see them go to blazes before he'd pay them a cent, and they might work on or not just as they liked.

Then the colonel got into the coach and departed for Little Rock, leaving me to explain matters to the men.

I confess I saw that coach roll off with a feeling of regret. I caught myself wishing that I was inside; still, I hadn't been in the habit, so far in my career through the world, of backing out when danger appeared. I knew that the men would be angry; I couldn't blame them much for being so; but it was not my fault but the railroad company's.

As I had expected, immediately after Williams's departure, a deputation of the workmen waited upon me. I explained to them the circumstances. They heard me through patiently, growled a little bit about the swindling railroad, that took the bread out of the mouths of honest men, and withdrew.

I was really astonished; I had expected considerable trouble. All the hands of the train—which waited at L'Angeville until three o'clock then returned to Hopefield—had gathered round, expecting a row. But, as I have said, they were doomed to be disappointed, as the men went off quietly enough.

As I had a lot of letters to write, I remained in the house all the afternoon. My quarters consisted of a little shanty, containing one room just about big enough to turn round in. I kept bachelor's hall, preparing my meals myself, and scanty rations they were too, for every thing, except the game that I shot, had to be brought from Memphis.

The moon rose early that evening and I stood at the door watching her come up. At first she set the whole sky in a flame, then grew smaller and paler by degrees. All the noises of the inhabitants of the swamp broke on the stillness of the night.

Suddenly there came another sound, clear and distinct on the night-air it sounded. It was the tramp of many feet, approaching my shanty. I guessed at once that it was the workmen.

With a sudden presentiment of danger, I drew my revolver from its holster, where it hung by my side, and thrust it into the side pocket of the loose sack-coat that I wore. It was handier there.

Even my dog seemed to think that there was danger afoot, for he looked into my face and growled softly.

Then, from the shelter of the swamp, came the workmen. Their unsteady steps and general appearance told plainly that they were all under the influence of liquor.

Remaining quiet in the doorway, I awaited their approach. I saw that the Irishman was the leader of the crowd. Spaulding kept in the background behind the rest. There was going to be trouble, no doubt about that in my mind, but I had an idea that, with a single bold stroke, I could quell the whole disturbance.

"Cap, we wants to spake wid yees!" cried Mack, in a voice thick with liquor.

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

"We want our stamps, bad 'cess to ye an' the murderin' old railroad company."

"I have already told you that I hain't got any money."

"Ye lie, ye dirty blaggard, ye!" he howled, advancing toward me threateningly.

I'm pretty active, as a general thing, and not badly off for muscle, and the words had hardly left Mack's lips when I took him a good square "sockdolager" between the eyes that lifted him off his legs and laid him out, all in a heap. I had calculated on his downfall striking terror into the rest; but, I was mistaken; their numbers inspired them with courage. They "pitched into" me in a second. I made a desperate fight, attempted to use my revolver, but they were too quick for me. In fact, the whole affair was evidently planned beforehand.

In a few minutes they had me down and bound. They had provided ropes for the purpose. Then they consulted as to what they should do with me. The liquor had transformed them into fiends. Spaulding swore that he had seen Williams pay me the money for the men. The fellow had a grudge against me because I had knocked him down once for an insulting observation.

They decided to hang me to one of the

trees that overhung the trestle-work. My dog had disappeared. He was usually ready enough to fight for me, but even the brute comprehended that the opposing forces were too powerful.

After quite a delay—the workmen were not used to the business—the rope was placed around my neck, the end swung over the branch of a tall pine. A single yell of triumph and I was pushed off the trestle into the air. The noose tightened around my neck; a shower of sparks dazzled my eyes; a terrible pain, and then, a sudden shock. The rope had broke and I was down in the mud of the swamp, half-hanged.

Then came a shout of many voices on the night-air, and the sound of firearms. Around me crowded dark forms. I was saved by the graders from Camp Slab, headed by Jim. My faithful dog contrived to tell Jim that his master was in danger.

I left L'Angeville the next day. I left it to somebody else to finish that trestle-work across the "bottom."

## Adele's Mouchoir-holder.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE sultry brilliance of that July day had died away into a fragrant coolness, and quiet, and the soft night-air, as it blew in refreshing draughts from the river, chased away the fever-flush of anxious thought on Adele Murray's face.

A pure, spirituelle face it was that she bent over a tiny jewel casket that lay open on her lap; but the clear, dark eyes bore suspicions of recent tears, and the red lips were dewy as coral.

"I wonder if I ought to sell them? To me, with all their precious recollections, they are worth infinitely more than their value in money."

Very tenderly she lifted the rare, elegant jewelry so that the slanting sunbeams that streamed through the western window lighted up the cool aqua-marine, the glittering opal, and the exquisitely-cut coral, with new and more radiant glories.

One by one she laid them down on their blue velvet nest with a heart-pang for each touch she gave them.

Away down in one corner, as if hiding from view, lay a finely chased hankieholder; its ring, in which a tiny cluster of diamonds were set, had been especially made for her own dainty little finger. Its chain, composed of tiny oval links, had been selected by Dr. Archer—ah! how precious a painful that never-to-be-forgotten remembrance was!

She recalled, so plainly, the evening he had given her this, for a birthday gift, and had secured her lace-bordered hankieholder in its clasp, and adjusted the ring on her finger, remarking as he did so how exquisitely fragrant that "Florimar" was. It was his favorite perfume.

That was all over now. Then she could well afford to pay four dollars a vial for Dr. Archer's favorite "Florimar," and jewels agreed with her elegant dresses, and the pony phaeton her father had given her.

Now father and mother had been obliged to see the auctioneer's flag floating from their windows, and the careless, bargain-seeking crowd tramping over her carpets—no, not hers, any longer.

Every thing had been sold; and though Mr. Murray won the name of a most honorable debtor, it did not make the plain little cottage in the suburbs more pleasant to them.

There were no servants at all; Mrs. Murray and Adele together did the work for their family of three, and yet, with all their economy, their poverty made itself sorely plain and painful.

And that was why Adele was sitting on the little back piazza that July evening, wondering if she should sell her jewels or not.

Where should she go? she knew what starvation prices a jeweler would give her; besides, she remembered with what avowed admiration Georgia Ruthven had coveted her few treasures in the days when she and Georgia Ruthven had been most intimate friends, and co-equal belles in the stylish balls they frequented.

Then again did this remembrance of Georgia recall another memory of Dr. Archer—Georgia had always been half-jealous, wholly piqued that Adele, and not she, was his favorite. To be sure he had not loved Adele's avowed lover, although there was no knowing how affairs might have turned out had not that terrible fever seized him, and left him such a wreck that he was ordered off, hot haste, to a foreign climate, to recuperate. That had been eighteen months ago, and though both Georgia and Adele had received some occasional letters, there was an end to the romance.

With a little, quivering sigh, Adele determined to take these jewels to Georgia Ruthven, and tell her plainly as she could, for three months of reversed circumstances had placed a wide chasm between them—how urgently she needed the money for them.

Miss Ruthven's parlors were brilliantly lighted that night, although there was no company, and the season rather advanced to expect any guests.

Yet Georgia was dressed very elegantly, and stood beside the pier glass in a critical examination of her charms.

Her pale, clear complexion was most admirably set off by the white Swiss evening suit, ruffled and tucked, with rich insertions and crosswise puffings.

Over the court-train a sash of lavender satin was knotted, that matched in hue the narrow ribbons that tied the extremities of her long, thickly-plaited hair.

She knew she looked well, and, like most women when conscious of their charms, wore an air of self-satisfied pride.

Adele Murray, ring at the door-bell brought a bright flush to her face.

"Can it be possible that Dr. Archer will call so early? I expected him, it is true, but to come to me so promptly on his first evening home—well, after all these months, I shall secure him yet."

Then the blush died away to a disappointed paleness as Adele entered.

"Oh, I thought it was a gentleman." Adele had come, steered by an indifference; and now, at the cool greeting, she only bit her lip nervously.

"I will have finished my business before the gentleman comes. I need not detain you longer than to ask if you will buy my last remaining treasures."

Her voice bore no emotion as she unsnapped the catch of the casket, and laid it, open and glittering before Georgia's greedy eyes;

but a deep, bright flush began to glow on either cheek.

Georgia's eyes fairly scintillated. She did so dote on jewelry, particularly aqua-marine, coral and opals; but amid all the greedy delight in her eyes shone a cold, calculating light. Of course Adele would expect to part with them at a sacrifice.

"Are they all for sale?" Her business-like tone, free from the least expression of friendly sympathy, was painful to Adele, but she answered, equally crisp:

"All are to be disposed of—no, this I will retain."

She designated the diamond mouchoir-holder, with a sudden blush that did not escape Georgia's notice.

"Indeed! I particularly desired to buy that. You can have no earthly use for it."

"That is true," said Adele, her eyes flashing at the insinuating sarcasm in Georgia's voice as well as language; "but I still intend to keep it. The rest you may have for three hundred dollars."

"Three hundred dollars!" screamed Georgia, in amazed surprise. "Mercy on me, Adele Murray! why didn't you cost five hundred dollars in the first place! Three hundred! did I ever hear of such a price for second-hand articles!"

"Miss Ruthven!"

Her eyes flashed, and Georgia wondered if Dr. Archer would come in while their negotiations were pending. If he did, and saw that delicious blush on Adele's cheek, and that indignant gleam in her beautiful eyes, there was little chance for her.

"Well, say three fifty, provided you throw in the hankieholder."

She watched the effect on Adele of her covert insinuation. If only she could obtain it, she felt sure she could fight it out with Dr. Archer, provided, of course, he entertained any lingering thoughts of Adele.

Not for a thousand dollars! not to obtain all the comforts I am accustomed to will I part with the gift Sidney Archer gave me."

A mocking little laugh came softly from Georgia's red lips.

"Oh—oh! I was not aware you were in love with him yet! Oh, of course I can not but respect your wishes, and I would not think of robbing you of such a treasure."

Her cool, cutting words stung Adele to the quick; and she extended her hand for the jewel-casket.

"Oh, no," returned Georgia. "I think I will not decide about the others tonight. If you will leave them until to-morrow, so I can try their effect, I will be so very much obliged. I'll give you three fifty without the holder if they are becoming."

"Very well," answered Adele, and with no adieus on either side, she retired from the house where once she had been so intimate, heart-sick and sore.

Five minutes later through the lace draperies, Georgia saw the fine figure of Sidney Archer come up the steps.

While he rung, and was being admitted, gave her ample time to thrust Adele Murray's jewel casket in a closet, but not before removing, with a smile of malice, the cluster diamond mouchoir-holder, that Adele had left among the rest.

She sunk gracefully in a low bamboo arm-chair, and was endeavoring to attach her filmy hankieholder, when Dr. Archer addressed her, and she looked up, in a gesture of graceful surprise.

Letting fall her hankieholder, she extended both hands in joyous greeting, her eyes liquid with delight, her cheeks pink with carnation flushes.

"Oh, Dr. Archer! I am so glad to see you! It is too kind of you to come to your old friend!"

"I am very much given to remembering my friends, I assure you, Miss Georgia. Can I not assist you?"

For Georgia was very gracefully basking at the holder again. She extended her hand with a "thank you, I wish you would. I am so awkward."

He smiled, and touched the bauble—then started, and dropped it with an exclamation of pain.

"I was afraid you would recognize it, Dr. Archer."

She said it very softly, with her liquid eyes fixed on his stern, questioning face.

"May I ask where you got it?"

"Certainly you may. It was a present to me from Adele Murray, just before she was married."

He started again.

"Is Adele married, Miss Ruthven?"

His voice was fraught with intensest pain, yet he still persisted in clasping the holder for her.

Her eyes flashed over his haughtily-bent head with an exultant triumph.

"Why, didn't you know she married Du Bois Armstrong? You remember him?"

"Perfectly, thank you. I heard of his marriage indirectly, but did not dream he had won Adele."

"I am so sorry for you, Dr. Archer."

Her low, sweet tones were given in such tender sympathy!

"Oh, not at all!" Dr. Archer rejoined, striving to speak carelessly. "I was simply foolish to suppose that Adele could remember me as I remembered her."

"But because she was false—"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Ruthven, I left something here."

And Georgia's face grew rigid with frightful horror as Adele Murray's clear, cool voice rung on her ears.

Dr. Archer looked up in agitated amazement at the sudden interruption, and bowed profoundly.

"I am very happy to meet you and congratulate you, Mrs. Armstrong—"

"What?" asked Adele, sharply.

"Am I wrong to congratulate you, considering what friends we were?"

"You speak in riddles. I am, as you know, Adele Murray; and I came for—for the mouchoir-holder I accidentally forgot."

Dr. Archer turned to Georgia, who was as pale as a ghost.

"What did I understand you to say? That Adele was married and had given you that trinket?"

"Oh, Georgia—you didn't surely utter such a dreadful falsehood!"

And Dr. Archer walked up to Adele who stood shivering with excitement.

"If you are indeed Adele Murray, I am a happy man. Let me escort you home; I have so much to say."

It is needless to tell what Dr. Archer said. Suffice it, that Adele wore her cluster diamond mouchoir-holder at her wedding, to which Georgia Ruthven was not invited; and that the jewel-casket was retained,

for, in Dr. Archer's wealth, Adele and her parents were more than compensated for their transient struggle with poverty.

## A Silly Girl.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

HETTY FOSTER rose from her seat and threw down her book with a little slam. "Aunt Sally—?" There Hetty stopped.

"Well, go on," snapped aunt Sally Perrott, spitefully.

"I'd better not, aunt. I don't want to say anything disrespectful, but it tries me terribly to hear you speak of Charley Wallace that way."

"Humph! Well, Miss, it tries me terribly to have you coming down to a poor clerk like Charley Wallace, when there's Gus Glover with a pocketful of money—"

"And a head empty of brains. No more sense than a stick of wood," interrupted Hetty.

"Nobody said he was brilliant," snapped aunt Sally. "But, money is a very good thing, Miss Foster, as you may find out."

"And love is better," said Hetty, quietly. "Love! Bah, you make me sick! Now, Miss Hetty, I can tell you, once for all, what I'll do. I took you when you were a little girl-baby, and I've cared for you ever since, and meant to do well by you. If you will give up this nonsense and marry Gus Glover, I'll leave you all I have, but if you won't—now understand—if you won't, you may just leave my house to-morrow."

"Good-by, aunt Sally," said Hetty, holding out her hand.

Aunt Sally drew herself up, and said, stiffly: "Hetty Foster, you are a very silly girl!"

"Perhaps. But, if I must go, aunt, I want to part friends. Aunt—Charley is coming here to-night."

"Very well, Miss. It is the last time, you understand. Now go to your room. I want to take a nap."

"I'll go, aunt. But, if you ever want me back after to-morrow, send for me and I'll come."

"I shan't want you, Miss. Go, if you choose."

When Charley came, Hetty told him what her aunt had said.

"Hem! So, if you stick to me, you lose your home, eh?" said he.

"Yes, Charley."

"Well, dear, there is another home waiting for you. Not so fine a one as this, but we will try to make it a happy one. Will you go to it, with me, to-morrow, dear?"

"Yes, Charley."

So the next morning there was a quiet wedding in church, and Hetty and Charley went to housekeeping as comfortable as two kittens.

It was very little they had to put into the small home, but they were prudent and industrious, and many a brown-stone with lace curtains and velvet carpets lacked half the loving cheer and comfort of that modest little brick.

Aunt Sally never came near. Never spoke when she met them. But Charley was better than a dozen aunt Sallys, so Hetty, though she was truly sorry, did not regret her choice.

One day, when they had been married more than a year, Charley came home in the middle of the forenoon, and Hetty knew at once that something had happened.

"What is it, Charley?" she cried.

"Nothing, dear, only I hear that your aunt is very sick, and her servants have all left her but one raw, ignorant girl."

"Shall I go to her, Charley?"

"Do as you please, dear. I thought best to let you know, as she really is in danger. Mr. Sharp says she has lost nearly every cent she is worth, through the rashness of her agent. But, if I had her business in my hands, I believe I could save it yet."

"I expect worrying over that has helped to bring on her sickness."

"Yes, probably. Are you going to her, Hetty?"



"It was Charley, aunt."

"Has he been here before?"

"Yes. He comes twice a day to ask how we get on."

"I don't see him."

Hetty half hesitated—"He did not think you would like to see him, aunt Sally."

"Humph! fetch him up next time he comes."

The next time, Hetty invited Charley up to the sick room, and after that he came regularly, often bringing some choice fruit or dainties for the invalid.

One morning aunt Sally abruptly addressed him.

"Did you say you could save my property?"

"I said I thought the greater part could be saved. Simms has lost it more through bad management than rascality."

"You think you could manage better?"

"Almost anybody could, aunt."

"Well, try it then. Take full control—I give you entire authority. Do what you please, but mind, not a dollar of it do you get, if you save it all."

Charley laughed. "Wait till I ask you for it, aunt Sally."

But Charley did his best, and the larger part of Miss Perrott's property was really saved. She sold her handsome house, however, and at the urgent request of Hetty and Charley, went to live with them.

"You know you will be liable to these attacks," said Hetty, "and nobody knows what to do for you so well as I do."

So aunt Sally went, and as she had the good sense to keep her odd notions to herself, she rather added to than took from the comfort and peace of the household.

And when the babies came she was an invaluable aid to Hetty.

"Well, I said I wouldn't leave you my money, and I won't," said she, the other day, trotting little Sally on her lap, "but I'm going to give it to little Charley and Miss Sally here."

And Helen only laughed, and said "Thank you, aunt."

## The Black Crescent: COALS AND ASHES OF LIFE.

A MASKED MYSTERY OF BALTIMORE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "WOODWIND," "RALPH HAXON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

AUSTIN'S STORY.

"LET us not speak more of your father, just now," said Bertha, at last. "I have not finished yet," and when Crewly, with a twirl, a step and a bump, had again seated himself, she continued:

"I told you I was the youngest of my father's children. He had two; both girls. My sister married long before I saw Harnden Forde, and went, with her husband, from Richmond to Washington. Her choice was a bad one. He was very reckless of his life when she first knew him, and it had been her hope to make a better man of him, through the influence of her love. Ah! how few of such fond hopes are ever realized. He became worse after a while; his dispositions were such that, he lost all semblance of the man, and lived the likeness of a brute."

"When I married she had a child; that child was grown, was married, and she had a child. Meanwhile, her husband had deserted her, and she faded slowly, until her wasted form was finally laid at rest in the grave. As if all who came of her blood were doomed to a miserable existence, her child, shortly, was subjected to the same treatment on the part of a brute husband; and the reason was, my sister, in dying, had bequeathed her little fortune to her daughter in such a way that her young and reckless husband could not touch a cent of it."

"Then my niece's husband disappeared mysteriously. What became of him, no one knew. My niece, gentle, timid, alone in a strange city, where she knew not one soul to call a friend—for her husband, brutal and jealous at the same time, had not allowed her to form any acquaintances—suddenly felt herself sinking. She knew not what ailed her, but knew that some fearful malady was creeping upon her. Hastily calling in her little fortune, she left Washington with her babe, and came to Baltimore. She had heard her mother say I was in this city, and she hoped to find me to give her child to me, before she died."

"Every imaginable means was employed to discover my whereabouts, but she seemed kept from me by a cruel fate. Shrinking from the idea of placing her infant in an orphan asylum—though why she should, I do not see, knowing the one whom she was warranted in trusting with so precious a charge, she did something bold, and hazardous too, thinking it for the best."

"Mustering the greatest strength of nerve, she carried the little babe, at dead of night, to the doorstep of a man of whom rumor spoke exceedingly well. Into the tiny hands that seemed to cling, with the instinct of despair, to the neck that would never meet her embraces more, she placed nearly all the money she had—almost twenty thousand dollars! Then, commending her child to the care of God, she rung the bell and went away."

"What a trial! Oh! I could not have done it! And how unnatural for one possessing the money she did! But she lived to hear that the little waif had been taken in. Yes, for six months she lingered on, as if struggling between the clammy substance of death, with no other object than to live; and in that time she was convinced that her child had fallen into good, kind hands and loving hearts."

"At last she died. But, before she bade adieu to the bright, sunny world—a world that seemed darkened for her alone—she wrote a long letter, in which was penned all I am telling you of her mother—herself—her child. Hoping, in despair, that the letter would find its way to me, she mailed it. The fate which kept us separated, brought that letter to me, for it was by mere chance I happened to ask at the post-office window if there was any thing for me. Stranger still, I got it the very next day; in time to attend her funeral. How my heart throbbed as I gazed down upon the sweet, mild face, so cold in death, and thought of what she had passed through—while I—I was so near, yet unknown."

"When Eola was given me, I knew her child must be then nearly three years old. I discovered its whereabouts, and would have taken it to myself, but that I saw it was attached to those who cared for it, and

its life was being made a happy one. Considering what I have passed through, it is fortunate I did not intrude upon its haven. But it came to me, at last—came when the child had grown to be a man; and I have lived to do him service, for my niece's sake. By a strange coincidence, we often met, when he was very young, and I know, while he lay upon a sofa at my recent home, night before last, suffering from a wound inflicted by murderous enemies, he was striving to recall where he had seen me before."

"And where is he now?" asked Ora.

"In this house. We brought him here to elude his enemies, who are of that kind to hesitate at nothing tending to remove him from their path."

"And why does he have enemies, mother? The good make only friends."

"He is good, Ora; his sins against these wretches is in loving Eola—your sister, Louise Temor's son, Harold, is determined to wed Eola. Harold Temor—or Harold Haxon, as he is known—has constantly by his side this Gilson Bret, son of the pseudo fortune-teller, and the two are hard to deal with. We will soon bring about their overthrow, though, as their chief support is soon to—but, never mind; I have told you enough."

"But, father?" questioned the fair girl, returning to her former inquiry.

"Wait, my child; wait."

"But you will promise? Oh! dear mother, please give me your promise."

"I can promise nothing—at present," said Bertha, with an effort; and the slightest twinge of pain shot through Ora's heart at this refusal.

Further conversation was stayed by a light rap at the door.

Mrs. Lenner entered, her pleasant face wrinkled in smiles.

At sight of her, Crewly removed to a seat further from the door.

"Now then," she exclaimed, looking from one to another, "here you are, all fixed as if you weren't never a-going to budge outen this room. An' the poor young man awake, too! Why, he says he feels first rate, only kind of lonesome like, an' he wants to know where he is, an' where you are, an' all that, while you're holding council an' forget all about him. Now, do come right in an' see him this minute."

They repaired to Austin's bedside.

Christopher Crewly brought up the rear, to avoid contact with Mrs. Lenner, who led the way. He had not forgotten her remark about the tea-kettle, and entertained, in consequence, no very high opinion of her intellectual culture.

The first utterance that escaped the young man's lips, upon their entrance, was an exclamation of surprise, and, half-involuntarily he held out his hand to Ora.

In his rather confused state of mind, Ora's resemblance to Eola was so great as to completely deceive him.

"Eola, come to me."

"It is not Eola, Austin," said Bertha, smoothing back the glossy locks from his high, pale forehead.

"Not Eola! Who then? No—you are trifling with me."

Ora drew nigher, and tenderly took the outstretched hand.

"It is Eola's sister—my child," partially explained Bertha; and she added: "but, you are not strong enough to hear all I have to tell you. I see you are bewildered. Wait until your ugly wound is well."

But Austin Burns was destined to considerable activity long before the healing of his wound. In what way? We shall see.

All were introduced to the young man, and nearly an hour slipped pleasantly by; he being prevailed upon to ask no questions.

Crewly occupied a seat in one corner, where he was careful to keep Wat Blake between himself and Mrs. Lenner; and over Blake's shoulder he glowered, with ferocious gravity, upon the lady.

At the expiration of the time mentioned, Doctor Canley joined them.

"Um! Young man's doing well—very well," he said, feeling Austin's pulse and frowning upon Christopher Crewly, who ogled contemptuously at the physician's proceeding. "Keep him down. Small diet; jelly, fresh air; chicken; no wine; retain his horizontal and he'll soon be upright. Um—well, sir," the last to Crewly, who nearly upset his chair, in leaning forward to hear what the other said.

"Ahem"—recovering his equilibrium—"pardon. Did I interrupt you?"

"No, sir."

"Is he well yet? That is—is—"

"No, sir; he's sick."

"Certainly. I thought so. You—a—you well?"

"Yes, sir—well," short and sharp.

"Family w— that is—is—"

"Are you troubled with the colic, sir?"

"Colic, sir?"—squirming in his seat—"no, sir. Me—hang it!—the chair—I—that is—"

Crewly was embarrassed; and worse, he thought he saw Mrs. Lenner laughing at him.

"Does this belong to anybody in here?"

A servant girl stood in the doorway, holding up Crewly's white umbrella.

The chair flew from under him; he reached the door at a bound, crying:

"Don't open it—don't!"

"One of the boarders was going out with it," explained the girl, and then departed.

Crewly slyly glanced inside the umbrella. Then he growled. Something was missing. But he could not inquire after the lost article—oh, no!

Doctor Canley soon withdrew.

Wat Blake, after a few seconds' conversation with his sister, started to leave the room, beckoning Crewly to follow.

"Where?" interrogated the lawyer, when they were upon the street.

"To Harnden Forde's."

"Dunce! Ahem! What for?"

"Dear little Ora has prevailed upon sister to call and see Forde, and ask him, once more, for the Crescent and the marriage certificate."

"No use," commented Crewly, with a sniff.

"We will try," quietly.

"But what are you going there for, eh? What do you want me to go for, eh?"

Bertha will come this afternoon. We are to be there as witnesses to the interview. She is also going to have him give a strong pledge that Eola shall be the wife of Austin Burns. He has already promised in writing."

"But the Fortune Teller's letter? the fabricated prophecy, eh?"

"We hope to convince him of his foolish and useless superstition. If he refuses to accede, then, his dishonor be of his own making. And I shall secure the articles after all."

"Shall? How?"

"I am confident that I know where they are."

"But I say," whined Crewly, "I'm hungry. They were just going to dinner when we came away. Rather mean in you."

"You can get something before we go to Forde's."

"Guy's!" exclaimed the lawyer, as they entered a car.

"Too far, Mr. Crewly."

"Oh, pooh! No difference. Half a dozen hours ahead, you know. Besides, where can we be served like they serve at Guy's. To Guy's! I'm wolfish; ever feel hungry, Wat Blake?"

Reaching their destination, Crewly darted down the steps to the restaurant, to satiate the cravings of the inner man.

Blake was not hungry, and awaited the lawyer on the corner.

### CHAPTER XIX.

A BRUISER'S WAX.

The sound which startled Bret and Haxon, as they stood within the deserted house, slowly drew nigher.

Step by step, light-footed, scarce audible its movements, the something approached.

"Look," whispered Haxon, with a slight tremor, "the house is haunted."

"Bah!" exclaimed his companion; "haunted—thunder! Thought you didn't believe in spooks?"

"See!" was the rejoinder.

Two flaming eyes appeared in the doorway—eyes that were red, yellow and green at the same time.

The bruiser drew a long sigh, then grunted, then laughed gutturally.

Haxon also felt cheap.

"Pscat!" There was a spit, a scramble, a jump, a sound of pattering feet, and the object vanished.

"Only a cat!" growled Bret; "an' it sneered you half to death."

Haxon could not deny that he felt uneasy during the few moments of their suspense; for entering a house with burglarious intentions, was, to him, new, novel, and fraught with unpleasant sensations.

"Come on," added the bruiser, moving toward the kitchen. "Let's get out. There's nothin' here f'r us."

When they reached the street, Haxon inquired, as they hurried away:

"What is to be done, now, Gil Bret?"

"Get some stamps," was the illucid reply.

"Yes; but how?"

"Tiger," he said, briefly.

"Tiger?" echoed Haxon. "Why, man, we've got no money!"

"I reckon. Got eighty-eight cents; we'll build on that ere."

"Build! Certainly, you won't go to S—r's with such an amount? That's not enough for one stake!"

"You just come on, now. I'm a-doin' this."

Gil Bret had no intention of entering a first-class saloon, with only eighty-eight cents to buy chips—especially S—r's, where it was considered rather disgraceful to rustle less than a five-dollar bill.

Winding and turning through innumerable dark thoroughfares, he finally halted before a house on Abate street, a locality gloomy enough for the abode of a sorcerer, to say nothing of its adaptabilities for a "sweat room."

In this establishment, Bret felt at home with his small "pile"; and while he kept the game, Haxon did the betting.

The first deal over, Bret grew uneasy. Luck had cheated him. Only four chips left.

"Careful, Haxy," he said, in an undertone.

Haxon had ventured three of the four chips, covered.

"Good!" he exclaimed, almost immediately.

The cards began to run favorably. The four chips increased to a dozen. Before long their eighty-eight cents had become three dollars.

"Come on," said the bruiser, throwing down his pencil, and getting his chips cashed.

They turned to leave the room.

Here was demonstrated one of the follies of entering a third-rate saloon.

Two roughs, whose money had been transferred first to the bank and then to the pockets of Bret and Haxon, stood before the door and, with glum countenances, barred their exit.

As they attempted to pass, one of these stretched forth his arm.

The action surprised Bret, then angered him. For a second he contemplated the other, as if undecided whether to knock him down or bandy words.

Smothering somewhat of his choler, and clenching his fist with a determined coolness, he stepped up to him.

"No fighting here, gentlemen!" cried the man in charge, who saw that a row was imminent.

But his words came too late. A few hasty words were exchanged, followed by a curse, a defiance, a shaking of fists, and—

"Thud! Bump!" a head struck the door-jamb, and its owner, with a howl, sunk down.

"Look out!" screamed a voice.

Chairs swung in the air; a decanter whizzed close to Haxon's ear.

But the bruiser knew his place. The second rough followed his companion "to grass."

"Bang!" went a pistol. A ball shattered the lamp and darkness prevailed.

There was a rush for the door, and every one hit whoever he could.

"Well out of it!" exclaimed Bret when he and Haxon had made their escape; and as they reached and turned down Baltimore street, he added:

"Now then, for a room!"

A quiet, retired boarding-house was searched out, and the two were soon comfortably bedded.

"Just mough left to get breakfast in the mornin'," grunted the bruiser; and with this he rolled over, and soon began to snore.

Haxon did not sleep much. His mind was full of their situation. With all his villainous composition of speech, action and brain, he lacked the cool, calculative principles of life which characterized his rougher but more solidly molded associate; and tossing restlessly, his thoughts fed by imaginary difficulties, he slumbered in fits—ofttimes starting wide awake, and endeavoring to pierce the surrounding black for some object upon which to rest his unweary eyes.

At last he dozed off, dreaming of his hold upon Forde, his triumph over Eola, and

the \$500 he promised himself on the morrow.

The two were not astir until after ten o'clock next morning.

"What can have become of Austin Burns is a puzzle to me," mused Haxon half aloud; and it would seem that Bret was beginning to wonder, also, how the young man could have so completely eluded their vigilance, for he said:

"An' me, too, Haxy; durned if I ain't bothered some!"

By chance their footsteps tended in the direction of Guy's.

They were quite near the corner opposite the restaurant, when Bret halted abruptly, and grasped his companion's arm.

"What's the matter?" demanded Haxon.

"Look 'e there!"

"Where?"

"Over yonder. See that 'ere man standin' by the lamp? See 'im?"

"Yes. What of him?"

"That 'ere's Wat Blake—"

"Ha!"

"Sh! Don't make no fuss, now; that's him."

The two exchanged glances—glances that were significant, speaking, like a silent telegraph, a sign in cipher.

Wat Blake stood with his back toward them; consequently their approach was unnoticed by him.

Cautious in two ways—not to attract his attention, nor that of the passers-by—they drew near to him.

"Do't right, Haxy; don't bungle, an' we're all hunky. Go for 'is inside pocket."

Nearer they came. Blake glanced about him; but, having no suspicion of their proximity, and being, just then, interested by something in an opposite direction, he did not perceive them.

Presently some one struck Blake on the temple.

Confused, half-blinded, he reeled, and would have fallen, when a pair of muscular arms, twisted around him, pinioned him firmly.

"Now, Haxy!" But, almost before the words were spoken, Haxon's hand glided into the pocket of their victim, and Gil Bret's pocket-book was drawn out.

"Fight! fight!" howled the cabmen, on the other side of the monument, and a dozen of them made a dash for the scene, flourishing their whips and screaming loudly.

But the action of the two villains was so quick, systematic, successful, that, in the passage of a few seconds, they had dashed off with their prize.

As Haxon turned the corner, and ran after Bret, something descended with terrific force on his already ill-used hat, and the latter went whizzing out into the gutter.

Christopher Crewly's umbrella again! And, this time, the lawyer felt certain his pet was irreparably injured, for he spent some moments in examining the article, heedless of the crowd that gathered around Wat Blake.

"Been robbed! Robbed in broad daylight! Who was it? How was it?" were the exclamations and inquiries that went round, from lip to lip.

"Know the parties?" asked a sober policeman, who was just in time to be too late.

"No," replied Blake, not fully recovered from the blow he had received, and looking thoroughly bewildered.

"What have you lost?" continued the officer.

Blake was not long in ascertaining his loss.

"A pocket-book."

"Valuable? Lodge a complaint. Detective—"

"No—no; it was not worth it. I—"

"Come—scatter!" ordered the policeman, dispersing the crowd. "There's nothing the matter now."

"Well, Wat Blake, another row, eh?" Christopher Crewly elbowed his way up to him.

"Yes, Mr. Crewly," returned Blake, with a faint smile; "it seems that I am fated to continue difficulty of late. Do you know who it was—"

"Out of this rabble first. Rag, Tag, Bobtail, Samuel, Richard and Henry assemblage is no place to talk. Hang it! get out of my way—rascal! you won't?" A street Arab seemed determined to block their way, and Crewly treated him to an unkind lunge with his umbrella, causing him to retire with an unearthly howl of pain.

"Once clear of the crowd, Crewly said:

"Now, Wat Blake, you've lost something."

"Yes—the pocket-book that I secured only last night."

"Ahem! Bad business. Hang those villains—"

"Who was it?"

"Who? Why, who could it be but Harold Haxon—as he calls himself—and that other dog, Gil Bret? Nearly broke my umbrella over 'em. Haxon'll have to buy a new hat this time—sure. Nothing but the pocket-book?"

"Nothing else. Miserable wretches—I do not grudge them that; for I guess they must be pretty near starving. But, no more of it. It is a matter of little consequence."

"All right. Bad luck, though, you got."

"Ah—yes; it was severe."

"Now then, to Forde's."

"To Forde's," assented Blake, and they started toward Eutaw street.

### CHAPTER XX.

A BAFLED TRAIL.

THE sight of two men running at the top of their speed—and one of these fashionably attired and bareheaded—very naturally attracted a deal of attention.

Several "Arabs" greeted them with



to assist me, whose scent is keen as that of the sleuth-hound!"

Gil Bret had just finished his meal when Harold Haxon strode into the room. It had been arranged that they should meet there; but, by the surprise Bret evinced, it was evident he did not expect his partner back so soon.

Frowning, breathing hard, excited, Haxon appropriated a chair and slapped down his hat, violently, on the table.

"Careful, Haxy; that ere hat cost seven dollars," eying the other, coolly.

"Well, Gil Bret," fell from Haxon's lips, in a strained tone, "I have some news."

"News, eh? Is't all right? Got things fixed? Cal in a good humor? Day set?"

"That would be news!" with only a deeper frown, and a fierce light in the dark eyes.

"Then spit out. What's up?"

"Well, they're gone!" Haxon communicated the news with a snappish accent, and leaned half-way across the table, to speak in a lower tone.

"Gone! Hunh! You mean Forde?"

"Who else?" cried Haxon, biting his lips in vexation at the quiet way in which Bret received the intelligence.

"An' where have they gone to, eh?"

"I do not know—can not find out. I tried to bribe the servant, but he only got snubbed for my pains. Now what's to be done? Say? Will you ever wake up to the realization of trouble, when we get into it?"

"Now, just you keep cool—"

"Cool," Gil Bret, starting up and glancing half wildly.

"There ain't no use in all this 'ere fumin' every time your hip's pinned. Just— Well, what d'you want?"

"I say, mister, why I've run like snakes, all the way from Butaw street, after you! I saw you 'n the car—but I couldn't get in, 'cause I hadn't no money. I saw you at the old gent's house, up on Entwaw, an' I knew 'at you was askin' for the family; an' I didn't s'pect you foun' out what you wanted to know—judgin' from the ugly look you give that 'soupy' at the door. An' I thought, why, 'at maybe you'd like to know somethin' 'at I know, an' so, why, I come after you."

It was the newsboy who had been paid by Haxon to give Austin Burns the false note.

He addressed himself to Harold Haxon. (To be continued—Commenced in No. 50.)

CHAPTER XX.

THE PERIAGUA.

One day the sun seemed to shine more brightly than ordinary, the wind was lulled, the weather appeared cheerful and serene, so that Edward and Loo took a stroll further than usual, in search of wild fowl and limpets.

He had a gun, a pistol, a knife and a horn of powder, while she only carried a basket, in which to collect shell-fish.

The pressing calls of hunger had made some of the men very ingenious, driving them to their wits' ends, and proving that necessity is the mother of invention.

Among some of the more ingenious was one Phipps, a boatswain's mate, who, having got a water-puncher scuttled, then lashed two logs, one on each side of it, and set out in quest of adventures on this original and extraordinary craft. By this means he would very often, when all the rest were starving, provide himself with wild fowl, and it was very bad weather indeed which could deter him from putting out to sea when his necessities required it.

On occasions, he would venture far out into the offing, and be absent the whole day. At last it was his misfortune, at a great distance from the shore, to be overtaken by a heavy sea; but being near a rock, though no swimmer, he managed so as to scramble to it, and with great difficulty ascended it. There he remained two days with very little hope of any relief, for he was too far off to be seen from shore.

Fortunately, however, a boat having put off and gone in quest of wild fowl that way, discovered him making such signals as he was able, and brought him back to the island. This accident nowise discouraged him, for soon after he procured an ox's hide, used on board for sifting powder, and called a "gunner's hide." By the assistance of some hoops, he formed something like a canoe, in which he made several successful voyages.

Now Edward was extremely anxious to be instrumental in procuring a useful supply of food, before they took their departure from this inhospitable climate, where from the thick rainy atmosphere, they were not only deprived of the sun, but were also visited by frequent tempests. He had the canoe or boat; but on several occasions he had remarked that whole flocks of wild fowl flew in a certain direction across the island.

Toward this he now made his way. They climbed a very steep hill, descended to the other side, and found themselves in a valley, which was rather greener and more fertile than the other.

This appeared tempting, and the young people soon found themselves in a region very superior to any they had as yet witnessed. Here they shot several painted geese, whose plumage is variegated by the most lively colors; also a bird much larger than a goose, which the men called Race-horse, from the velocity with which it moved on the surface of the water, in a sort of half-flying, half-running motion.

There were also some woodcocks, some humming birds, a large number of robin-breasts, and a small bird with two very long feathers to his tail. There were also carion crows.

Having collected a large number of limpets, and a pretty good bag of game, they continued on their way, until across a rapid channel they saw an island covered with wild fowl, which they could neither shoot nor reach.

About a couple of miles up, under cover of the hills, were some Indian huts, and on the beach three canoes, one of which was sufficiently large to have a mast. As they were on good terms with the Indians, Edward resolved to borrow this one, with which to carry back the game he was already in possession of, and, if possible, a good supply more.

The boat was launched, its tiny sail set, and the adventurers—better pleased than they had been for some time—started. The

wind was light, and the waves small, but the canoe walked over them truly like a thing of life.

A cry of joy escaped the lips of Loo, as they rose and fell on the waters.

Suddenly Edward half rose, making the boat rock and vacillate greatly, as he seized a paddle, and lowering the sail, tried to make for the shore.

"What is the matter?" said Loo.

"Heaven help me! we are in the sack of a current, and are being carried out to sea."

"Oh, my poor father!"

"Be still; I will do every thing I can to regain the shore. Be calm, dearest."

And, without speaking, he used his paddle with all the energy of which his arms were capable. But it was of no avail. The remorseless stream carried them on until they were swept upward along the coast, a long way from where the wreck lay.

This was a fearful calamity; but, if they could only save their own lives, might be productive of good. Should they fall in with a vessel, its crew might be induced to run down to the place where the wreck of the Indian lay.

But it was useless to form any illusions. The boat they were in, though built purposely for fishing and traveling in bad weather and breaking seas, could not be expected to take them far.

They had provisions, but no water, save a small leather bottle-full each.

Loo, in the first burst of grief, sobbed herself to sleep. When she awoke herself, she was calm. They were running along the coast with great rapidity, the sail being set to keep the boat steady.

"What is to become of us?" said she, in a low, trembling voice.

"We have no hope, save in Providence," replied the young lad, quietly.

"Shall we ever get back?"

"Not in this boat; we can not breast the waves, nor beat against a steady wind with this cockle-shell. We can only move along at the will of wind and waves."

"You are pale and ill," said Loo.

"I am sleepy."

"Let me steer; I will wake you at the slightest event," she said, eagerly.

Edward resigned the light paddle into her hand, and lying down, fell into a heavy sleep, which lasted many hours.

Now began the usual horrors of such a voyage. The want of water, raw birds, and exposure, soon made them so faint and exhausted, that it was with difficulty they could eat, drink, or steer. Loo became light-headed, sung snatches of songs, and, if her strength had allowed, would have cast herself overboard. Edward scarcely knew what he was about, except that he gnawed at the birds, and drained his water-bottle, and let the boat go as it liked over the wide waste of waters.

Then came a heavy shower of rain, which both roused and refreshed them, abating the fever, though both were still too weak to move.

They were dying of starvation; but in one of the lucid intervals of the madness which preceded the final struggle, both gazed around in amazement. They were gliding along a soft, pellucid, lake-like sea, and at no great distance from an island, with bare cliffs of a fine, bold appearance.

The wind was shorewise, and Edward feebly adjusted his sail.

Slowly, with a soft breeze, they advanced; the rugged peaks showed their clothing of timber and verdure; and, unpromising as was the distant view, a nearer approach revealed many beauties.

Between the high cliffs there were verdant valleys stretching up into the island, each with its rill of clear sparkling water.

Edward felt, if he could but reach one of those, he might be able to save Loo.

His arms were too feeble to row, but, sitting like a statue of death, he directed the course of the stout canoe, which had carried them so many miles.

He saw that the water was deep to the very shore, and he easily found a creek up which to drive his boat.

He allowed it to ascend as far as it would, until he was stopped by a small waterfall. Here he crawled out, drank from the sparkling stream, and then, reinvigorated for an instant, he dragged Loo ashore.

She was in the last stage of exhaustion. But water had its effect upon her also.

He allowed it to ascend as far as it would, until he was stopped by a small waterfall. Here he crawled out, drank from the sparkling stream, and then, reinvigorated for an instant, he dragged Loo ashore.

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"What?"

"That we are in a place as romantic as dangerous," he added, thoughtfully.

"And where may that be?"

"On the island where once lived Robinson Crusoe, and which is now used by Gantling to rest. I have heard him speak of it often."

"Would he harm us? surely not?"

"Heaven only knows. But I hope never again to be in the power of my father's assassin."

"Father! father! what of my father?" continued Loo.

"Calm yourself, dearest; we are two; we are brave, and some plan must be devised to escape. The island is often visited now, by whalers and others. I am not at all fearful."

Loo shook her head, while Edward rose to make a hut, in which to pass their first night on the romantic shores of the island where Robinson Crusoe vegetated nineteen years.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALONE.

EDWARD was at that pleasurable age of boyhood, when to be the servant and slave of a sister or cousin was in itself happiness. Forgetting all else but his anxious desire to be subservient to her comforts, he began erecting a small hut of such boughs and leaves as were nearest at hand.

The task was not a difficult one, as by means of his knife, he had only to cut such branches as served his purpose, and, sticking them into the ground, they very soon formed a shelter quite sufficient for an island in such a climate, until the rainy season set in.

This done, he led the poor suffering girl to her repose, and making a large fire to scare away wild animals, he lay down with his gun close to his hand, to seek the rest of which he stood so much in need. But, though wearied to the last degree, he awoke several times to replenish the fire, and each time listened eagerly, to know if his precious charge slept. And every time, his anxious solicitude was rewarded by the discovery that she lay in a sound slumber.

At early dawn he awoke, and going to a sparkling rill, he filled up the gourds with water, then cooking some more goat's flesh he returned to arouse the sleeper.

She was nowhere to be seen.

Alarmed lest some misadventure might have occurred, Ned was about to call her name loudly, when she emerged from behind a rock, fresh and blooming. She had found a secluded nook where she could perform her ablutions, and she was now, comparatively, as well as ever she had been in her life.

Along and interesting conversation now ensued. To make any further attempt at a voyage in their case, was out of the question, while it was equally painful to contemplate remaining on that island all their lives. Adam and Eve in Paradise would probably have wearied of it, if no society had turned up.

The island had plenty of food. There were goats in abundance, there was fuel, and the crews of the different vessels which visited it as a victualing place, had planted numerous English pot-herbs and vegetables, which were used as preservatives against the scurvy.

There were also several caves in the rocks which, during the short time it had been a convict establishment, had served as prisons for the unfortunate exiles. There were also some ruined huts, and the fallen frame of the Governor's house, all of which would afford materials useful for their purposes.

The island was sure to be visited, as it was the common watering-place of whalers and buccaners, who also often resorted there for weeks at a time, to give their sick time to recover.

But for their anxiety about the Admiral and their friends, wrecked on the miserable Patagonian shore, they might have been tolerably happy, as at their age there is a youthful buoyancy, a romantic courage, which sustains young people against almost all difficulties, and which has so often made a boy-midly do deeds of heroism worthy of a man.

The first thing to be done was to select a home, and, after due consideration, it was resolved to repair the kind of log hut in which the former Spanish Governor had resided. It was two-storied, with one room aloft and two below. The one above was small, and as it only wanted repairing in the roof, it was assigned to Loo, while one of those on the ground floor was to be the joint apartment and kitchen, reserve in a kind of cupboard for Edward.

The difficulty was to repair it without tools; but necessity is really the mother of invention, so by means of a knife some bark was cut and placed over the holes which time had made in the ruin, the bark being kept in its place by stones and staves from the other huts.

Then came the question of beds. But in such a climate, during that season, some sweet straw served very purpose.

There remained then the question of food. They had a few charges of powder, but that could only serve them once or twice. Vegetables existed in plenty, as did cocoa-nuts and palm-cabbages; but whatever philosophers may say in their closets, such a diet is neither pleasant nor satisfactory.

It was resolved, therefore, to look to the capture of goats as their mainstay; but how was this to be done?

Few hearts but would have been moved to compassion, mingled with admiration, to see this young couple, so ignorant of the world's ways, devising and planning the means of existence. It is true they did not contemplate a lengthened residence on the island.

After a long discussion, an ingenious idea came into Loo's head. She knew both how to knit and how to net, and she believed that, by means of an admixture of goat's hair and cocoa-nut fiber, she might make a snare sufficiently strong to place across one of the narrow passes leading to the hills, and into which it would be easy to drive their coveted prey.

Edward at once set to work to shape two long wooden knitting-needles, as well as all else that she required, and with which she at once began her labors.

Behold them now at work for their living, in a few days arisen.

They have arisen to breakfast, and have taken their frugal meal. They have collected wood with which to keep up a fire all day, so that passing vessels may know that some unfortunates are on the island.

Loo then seats herself near enough to the fire to replenish it, while Edward wanders in search of limpets, oysters, and any thing

else which may vary their stock of food. He looks, too, to the supply of cocoa-nut fiber, which can only be obtained from the nut in a certain state of its growth. He sees also to the vegetable gardens, where the fences have been broken by the goats. These animals, however, since his arrival, have not ventured from their mountain fastnesses. Had they, their capture would have been easy and certain.

The principal vegetables which the captains of merchant vessels had succeeded in raising were scurvy-grass, parsley, carrots and onions, all of which are wholesome and anti-scurbutic.

The difficulty was to cook them, and at best the process was extremely slow. They were compelled to put them into cocoa-nut shells, to heat small stones red-hot in the fire, and clearing them of ashes, to cast them into the water; by which means, after a time, the requisite heat was gained. As however they had no great abundance of occupation, this was perhaps an amusement, and helped to pass the day, which otherwise would have been idly enough occupied.

Meanwhile, however, Loo advanced slowly but surely with her masterpiece. It was not a handsome work; the knots were many and ugly, but it promised to serve the purpose, and they were extremely anxious to try its merits.

Their stock of meat was soon run out, and they desired to renew it. This consideration, however, weighed less with them, than the love of adventure inherent in human nature, and which is as common in girls as in boys, until the hour comes when nature, speaking with its mighty power, drives them into the shade, modest and shy.

A supper of limpets and oysters, somewhat coarse and insipid, made them long for better fare, and it was mutually resolved that the net was long enough for the purpose for which it had been so laboriously constructed.

It was accordingly agreed to start at day-break, and try their fortunes in the interior of the island.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HUNT IN THE VALLEY.

THE morning was bright, the song of birds was pleasant, as, hand in hand, the juvenile Adam and Eve took their solitary way. Edward carried the gun and the net, somewhat heavy, wrapped up like a haversack, while Loo carried their small supply of food.

They had taken up their station near the shore, close to some woods, through which they now walked, surprised at the abundance and variety of the foliage, no less than by the beauty of the flowers.

Some of the palm trees rose to a height that amazed the young girl, though to Edward they were tolerably familiar, his cruises under Gantling having taken him both to the West Indies and to the coast of Africa. What, however, brought a smile to the countenance of the young girl was the loquacity and number, as well as the impudence, of the monkeys. They did not appear very fearful of the strangers, but made grimaces, clattered and laughed in a most ludicrous manner.

"If the worst comes to the worst," said Edward, "we can make these brutes our purveyors, ugly as they are."

"How?" replied Loo, with a pretty little shudder—"nasty creatures!"

"I will show you," said Edward, merrily; "wait a moment."

The monkeys were grinning, and, to all appearance, talking overhead, very high out of reach. Edward, however, laid down his gun and parcel, and, picking up stones, began throwing them at the animals with all his strength, and as rapidly as he could.

The initiative brutes, with infinite chatter and fury, after holding a sort of consultation, began plucking the cocoanuts, and throwing them down so rapidly that, had Ned and Loo not concealed themselves, they might have been seriously hurt. As it was, they only laughed heartily, and opening the nuts, took a cool drink and a refreshing meal.

Edward took occasion to tell Loo how, in Java, the monkeys meet together, led by some old chief, and, descending at night on the native villages, pillage their poor huts, and even carry off children and young girls.

"There is no place like England," sighed poor Loo; "I wonder if we shall see it again."

"Of course—and laugh as we tell our children of our strange adventures."

Now, Loo was a little girl; but little girls are very fond of being thought of as sweethearts, and wives—so she looked down, blushed and made no answer.

They rose, soon after, and continued their journey until they reached the foot of the hills, when they began carefully to look about for a place to commence operations. The hills were not very high, but they were rough and steep, so that they advanced but slowly on their way. At length, by dint of great exertion, they found a valley where goats were feeding, and, peering down so as not to be seen, they examined the place carefully, in search of a situation for a trap.

It was soon found.

At the further end of the valley, to the left, was a narrow gap, almost closed by trees, and admirably suited for their purposes.

Telling Loo to remain at the other end, and to appear if necessary, he, bending low, crept to the spot, and succeeded in reaching it without being discovered by these thimble and shy animals.

He fastened the net securely, and then made a wide detour, in order to rejoin Loo, who awaited him impatiently.

The flock, about twenty, were huddled together, sniffing the air, as if they suspected an enemy.

Both, however, crept slowly on, until they cut off the retreat of the flock, when they appeared suddenly, and rushed at the goats, which went off at a rapid pace in the direction of their trap.

Their hearts now beat wildly, for the whole flock would soon have carried their frail net before them.

Much to their mutual relief, nothing of the kind occurred.

Two kids and a large she-goat were sent to the ground, secured by thongs, their horns and feet being taken out of the net.

The rest of the flock passed round, evidently making for the other end.

It was, however, only for an instant, for, as the kids and goat set up a plaintive cry, the buck, the patriarch and guardian of the flock, turned, and, with fury flashing from his eyes, he darted at the foe.

Loo was nearest, and at her he rushed. She, uttering a shrill cry, ran away.

Edward, who had placed his gun on the

ground, snatched up the first thing at hand, a heavy fallen bough, and met the animal face to face. It was a hand to horn encounter, in which great dexterity was required.

Leaping aside with a bound, such as few but young sailors can appreciate, he dealt the infuriated brute a severe blow across the back. It shook itself, and seemed disinclined to renew the contest, when again the kids and mother gave their pitiful cry.

The goat reared, and then bending his head low, he rushed forward. Once more the leap and the stick sufficed to check his advance, and then, with something of the dexterity of a bull-fighter, Edward plunged his knife into the animal, and finished him by a second blow.



## OBED SNIPKINS.

BY JOSE JOY, JR.

The strangest man I ever have seen  
Was Obed Snipkins, Sr.;  
He had a very homely mien,  
A very bad demeanor,  
And very sure he was to tip  
When he began to tipple,  
And then he was a worse old rip  
Than any other rippie.

He never did come home till ten,  
And then he would be tender,  
And if you'd ask him where he'd been,  
He'd say upon a bender.  
For something good to drink he'd sigh,  
All else was a mere cypher,  
And he was usually dry  
Because he was a driver.

Sometimes he would be full of fun  
As any other fellow,  
And then he said he weighed a ton—  
In fact he weighed a fellow.  
Whenever he got very sad  
He rode upon a saddle,  
Which he was always sure to pad  
With some soft-yielding padder.

This man, though hardly born a Hun,  
Was surely no a hunter,  
Manipulating his good gun  
To rules laid down by Gunther.  
His watch, if you had eyed it o'er,  
You'd swear that it was o'erle,  
And when his eyes aloft would soar,  
You saw that he was sore-eyed.

He was a queer man in the main—  
I might say, in the manger,  
His ankle once sustained a strain  
Which made him seem a stranger.  
He used to while away his care  
In singing of a carol,  
And used to keep a youthful bear,  
And also an old barrel.

He stocked his house with lots of mice  
Which made him quite a miser,  
And dined and breakfasted on rice  
Just like an early riser;  
And almost every thing he knew  
Which made him quite a noodle,  
To others' merits he said Pook!  
And they called him a poodle.

To friends' advice he o'er said no,  
He was a man of action,  
So many debts did Snipkins owe  
That they would fill the ocean.  
In others' business he prided,  
Himself in this he prided,  
And when he went to take a ride  
He found himself derided.

He cultivated in a pan  
Full many a blooming pansy,  
And then his hide he used to tan  
With his accustomed tansy.  
He over any one him bit,  
It made him feel quite bitter,  
Then quick upon that man he lit  
Just like a thousand litter.

And as that man matured grew  
They fed him upon grub,  
Whenever any rooster crew  
He thought it very cruel.  
He reached the last end of his row  
And ceased to be a rover,  
He took a pain and then cried, "oh!"  
And straightway all was over.

## A Fortunate Glance.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

A NEAT, trim office fronting on the street. Within it a tall, neatly-dressed man kneeling before an open safe, his hands thrust within a drawer, his face pale and ghastly as he peers over his shoulder at the window. A man in passing along, pauses and glances into the office. He is a peculiar looking person, dressed like an English cockney, and in one hand he carries a small traveling valise. Then this man passes along, and the other arises to his feet, thrusting each hand, holding something crisp and rattling, into his bosom. Then he closes the heavy door of the safe, gives the "combination lock" a trial, and seats himself in an easy-chair.

A certain circle of St. Louis society was greatly shocked and surprised by a report that appeared in the morning papers. The wholesale liquor firm of Deer & Darling had been robbed, and one of their clerks was under arrest for the crime. And their tongues began to wag freely—as from time immemorial—the subject was argued pro and con; the conclusion generally arrived at being summed up in the words—"I told you so!"

The substance of the matter may be briefly noted. That day—the one of the robbery—heavy payments had been made the firm by parties residing out of the city. The money had been sent by express, and was received for by Harry Adams, the bookkeeper.

The partners were both out—one absent from the city—and this money Harry had placed, as customary, in the burglar-proof safe. It was nearly noon then, and he was alone in the office. There were only five hands employed about the establishment; besides himself, a salesman, two "general hands" and a drayman.

Of these, the salesman alone had entree into the counting-room, unless sent for. Besides the partners, Adams was the only one authorized to touch the safe. These three were all who knew the secret of the combination lock.

Thus when Mr. Darling returned and went to prepare a deposit for bank, what was his surprise to find the cash drawer empty, instead of containing the rich freight the petty cash book would denote. No, Adams had made no deposit that day, nor had any one else. He was confident that no one had opened the safe since he closed it before dinner.

Then where were the seventeen thousand seven odd hundred dollars he had deposited for? Harry could not tell. Indeed he could scarcely speak; his face was flushed deeply, and his form trembled like a storm-tossed shrub. He could only assert his ignorance—his innocence, over and over again.

But that was a sorry comfort to balance such a loss, and Mr. Darling, angry and suspicious, sent the salesman—one George Maydon—out to fetch a policeman. In a half-hour more, Harry Adams was an inmate of the station-house, on charge of having robbed his employer.

The next day he had a preliminary examination and was committed to stand trial. And these facts—or suppositions—were thoroughly discussed by "the people," and broadcast o'er the land through the medium of the press.

Now there was one who took the affair very much to heart, outside the family of the accused; one Nelly Barker, and it is not to be greatly wondered at, for the young couple had expected to become one in October; about two months in the future.

She was firm and steadfast in her belief of Harry's innocence, but she was a "prejudiced witness," and her assertion had but little weight against the evidence that blackened the young man's career. The popular verdict had already condemned Adams.

It was just the day before that set for Adams' trial, that a gentleman hastily en-

tered the counting-room of Deer & Darling, both of whom were present. He was received cordially, and greeted as John Dunning.

"Is it true, what I am told about Harry Adams?" he exclaimed, after the usual salutations had been exchanged.

"I fear it is," replied Deer, in a tone of regret. "The proof is very strong against him. He was the one who took charge of the money, the only one in the office, and the only person, besides us two, that knew the 'combination.' It is plain the poor fellow was tempted to take the money, although he must have been mad to have done so, for he might have known it would be at once laid upon him."

"You are sure he is the only one who knows the word?"

"Yes—besides us. And we were both absent at the time."

"I think I can throw a little light upon the matter, gentlemen," said Dunning, confidently. "That day I left town on a trip upcountry, I passed by here between twelve and one—I know that, as I was on my way to the train, and had to hurry for fear of being left. As I passed here I looked in the window, as I had a bit of news for Harry. He was not here; had gone to dinner, I suppose. But there was some one else in here."

"Of course—we never leave the office alone. Maydon was here. But the safe was locked."

"Maydon—if that be the name of the city 'drummer' you employ—was here, and the safe was open."

"What?" exclaimed both partners, in a breath.

"Just as I tell you. I saw a man at the safe, kneeling before the open door. I thought at first it was Harry, but as I recognized he turned his head. Then I recognized Maydon. I was late and could not wait. So I hurried on, and only heard the news yesterday. I believed there was something wrong, and so came here at once."

"You must be mistaken. Maydon does not know of the combination. Call him, Darling."

"He is out, but will be in soon. You are prepared to bear evidence to this, Mr. Dunning?"

"Certainly; you know my address—the Planter's. I will be there all this afternoon. I am in haste now, as I must report to my employers. Good-day."

Neither of the trio suspected the presence



A FORTUNATE GLANCE.

of the pale and trembling eavesdropper, who crouched close beneath the open window of the office, looking toward the rear of the store. A stack of champagne baskets hid him from the men working beyond. And then Maydon crept away and out at the rear door.

He glided rapidly around the corner, and soon entered a street car. He left this at the court-house, and then hastened upon foot toward the levee. At one of the groceries that ornamented this place, he found the object of his search, a burly Irishman, whose bloated face and bearded eyes denoted the habitual drunkard. A signal, slight but peculiar, called this worthy over, and then once they were at a safe distance from all other ears, Maydon spoke in a low, hurried tone for some minutes.

John Dunning was in his room at the Planter's, where a note was handed him by a waiter. It was but a brief one, requesting an interview at Lafayette Park that afternoon, and was signed Archibald Deer.

Taking the cars, Dunning was soon upon his way, wondering not a little at the strange place chosen for a consultation. Still he suspected nothing, and entering the park, hastened to the point designated, a rather picturesque and lonely spot.

As he passed a rude stile between two trees, a tall form sprang out from a clump of bushes and leveled a furious blow at his head with a heavy, knotted stick. But Dunning was not taken unawares. One arm received the blow, while the other shot out in a manner that would have delighted a devotee of the P. R., causing the assailant to measure his length upon the ground. Then as the man arose to his knees, the gleaming muzzle of a small Derringer was thrust in his face.

"You dirty scoundrel! what do you mean?" angrily said the Englishman.

"It was a mistake, cap," stammered the man, tremblingly.

"You lie—tell me the truth, or, by all that's good, I'll bore you through! Speak out—who sent you here?"

"Don't shoot—'twas George Maydon," faltered the man, crestfallen.

Then ensued a complete confession. That Maydon had bribed him to waylay and murder Dunning. The would-be assassin, on promise that his assault should be overlooked, consented to give evidence against his employer.

That night Maydon was arrested. On the morning Adams' trial came off, and by Dunning's evidence, he was acquitted, while Maydon took his place for the robbery.

The effects of the latter were searched, and the money—at least the major portion

of it—was found, together with the safe-combination, written in his own hand, secreted in the bottom of his trunk. This he probably copied from the one possessed by Adams, of which he had obtained a glimpse at some time or another. The large sum had tempted him, and while Adams was at dinner, leaving him in charge of the office, he had abstracted it from the safe, relying upon the deed being attributed to the book-keeper.

He was tried and condemned to imprisonment at hard labor for ten years, in the Jefferson City penitentiary, where he is serving his time.

Adams and Nettie Barker were married; at the same time John Dunning led Alice Adams to the altar.

Harry is now a partner in the concern, and is one of the most esteemed and respected merchants of the Mound City.

## Border Reminiscences.

## A Race With Apaches.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

THE region of country round about the Elk Mountains had been fixed upon for the season's campaign, and we—that is, Rube Harkins, Jim Curtis and myself—left the post early one morning, and turned our faces westward. Three days out we came up with an emigrant train, and, glad of a chance to hear any thing from the "States" that had transpired within a year, we joined forces and traveled in company. Upon the other hand, the emigrants were equally pleased to be reinforced by three good fellows, as the Indians were reported to be somewhat vicious. "Sorter 'greable like both ways, you know," as old Rube put it.

I found among the emigrants one family—father, mother and two daughters—in whom I at once became interested, especially in the eldest daughter, a sprightly young lady of just the "proper" age, not by any means handsome, but intelligent, evidently well educated, and certainly the most superb rider that I have ever seen.

The young lady and myself at once became good friends, and, with the permission of Mr. Somers, her father, I became her escort in the morning gallops over the level prairie that stretched out, seemingly without end, toward their far-off destination.

Giving our horses a free rein, we went away at a rattling pace, that promised to soon cover the intermediate space.

As we gradually drew nearer, the remarkable formation began to define itself more clearly, showing the seamed and rugged sides of a huge column of dark-colored rock, about whose base lay great fragments that had, from time to time, fallen away from above.

Standing out clearly against the background of blue sky, it presented an appearance that could not fail to arrest the most careless glance; but, to the educated eye of my companion—geology having been a favorite study, as she informed me—it possessed a far deeper interest.

At a distance of four or five hundred feet, we drew rein and began an animated discussion as to the probable cause, etc., of the formation. So deeply, indeed, had we become interested, that we took no notice of what might be going on about us, nor would we have done so until too late, had I not been impelled by one of those mysterious impulses, that every one has felt, at one time or another, to look around me.

It was but a hasty glance, and yet it was enough to momentarily check the very pulsations of my heart.

There, within less than half a mile, coming down silently, and yet with the swiftness of a storm-cloud before the blast, rode a war-party of Apaches, straight for where we stood.

That the reader may the more readily comprehend the situation, I will briefly state the position occupied by ourselves and the Indians. Taking the pillar of rock for the central point, we, as I have already said, stood upon its northern side, distant from it some four or five hundred feet.

The Indians had come upon us from the further, or south side, and, when first discovered, were half a mile or more off.

Upon the east, at least two miles away, lay the belt of timber, of which I have before spoken, while to the west, the prairies stretched away to the mountains whose summits appeared only as a faint blue line along the horizon.

Under such circumstances a man has not long in which to make up his mind to the course necessary to be pursued.

To attempt reaching the train by a backward flight was altogether too hazardous.

We were both well mounted, but these long races are uncertain, very.

A stumble—a wrench of the foot—a treacherous hole in the path, and the game is up.

Still we rode steadily forward, the timber rapidly growing nearer at hand.

I was running my eye along the dense wall of verdure to select a proper place in which to break through, when, suddenly, an unearthly screech, or howl, or cry, I know not which to term it, smote my ear.

I had barely time to glance round, reach out my arm and encircle the young girl's waist, at the same time lifting her from the saddle, when, with a convulsive bound forward, the gray reared aloft, wildly pawing the air, and then, with a groan, full of terror and pain, he fell headlong to the earth.

As I shot by him, I saw the shaft of an arrow protruding from the eye: that told the tale.

As the horse fell, a wild, exultant yell burst from the Apache band.

They were now sure of their prey.

Fifty yards more and cover will be gained.

Half the distance has been passed, but in the meanwhile the pursuers have closed rapidly, and a perfect cloud of arrows are cutting and whizzing about our heads.

I hear a deep, heavy *thud*, and feel my horse shrink and quiver between my knees. The fatal shaft has found a vital point, and he also, within the very shadows of the timber, reels, staggers, and falls heavily upon his side.

The force of the shock hurled the young girl from my grasp, full ten feet, or more, with stunning force, and as I gained my feet I saw that she was lying perfectly still.

Wheeling rapidly, I fired at the leading Indian, now scarce fifty feet distant, and then sprung for the prostrate form.

But there was another too quick for me.

Echoing my own pistol I heard two shots, and then, out from the fringe of bushes I saw a lithe, active figure spring, dart forward, seize the insensible girl, lifting her as though she had been an infant, and shouting in a voice that was very familiar, and certainly very welcome:

"In with yur, lad; I'll take keer uv the gal." Jim Curtis dashed into the bushes and disappeared from sight.

I entered at the same point, and ran headlong against Old Rube, who was coolly reloading the rifle he had just emptied with fatal effect.

"Open 'em, lad, wif the pepper-box," he said, and I instantly obeyed, giving him time to load.

The next instant Curtis rejoined us, and he also opened fire from his six-shooter.

This was rather too much for the Apaches.

They drew off to consult, and while they were at it, we quietly withdrew.

## Short Stories from History.

**The Fate of Authors.**—Many of the writers of to-day, who complain bitterly of the ill rewards for literary labor, are not aware of the most wretched experience of authors in earlier days. The story of literary discouragements, from Homer's days down to Hugh Miller's suicide, is a sad one. Indeed, the poverty of authors had grown to be such a recognized institution that a hospital was founded for their relief by Pope Urban VIII, called the "Retreat of the Incurables;" intimating, it is to be presumed, that it was impossible to reclaim the patients who sued for reception from the sin of authorship, as from that of poverty.

Homer is at once the first poet, and the first beggar of note, among the ancients; he was blind, and sung his ballads about the streets; but it is observed that his mouth was more frequently filled with verses than with bread.

Plautus, the comic poet, was better off; he had two trades—he was a poet for his diversion, and helped to turn a mill in order to gain a livelihood.

Paul Borgheze, the Italian, almost as good a poet as Tasso, knew fourteen different trades, and was yet starved to death, because he could get employment in none of them.

Tasso himself, the most amiable of all poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown from some friend, in order to pay for a month's subsistence; he has left us a pretty sonnet, addressed to the king, in which he begs the gift of her eyes to write by, being too poor to afford himself a candle!

But Bentivoglio, poor Bentivoglio! chiefly demands our pity. His comedies will last with the Italian language; he dissipated a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence; but falling into misery in his old age, was refused to be admitted into a hospital, which he had himself erected!

In Spain, it is said, the great Cervantes died of hunger; and it is certain that Camoens, the pride of the Tagus, ended his days in an almshouse.

If we turn to France, we shall there find even stronger instances of the hapless destiny of genius. Vangelas, one of the poetest writers, and one of the honestest men of his time, was surnamed the Owl, from his being obliged to keep within all day, and venture out only by night, through fear of his creditors. His last will is very remarkable. After bequeathing all his worldly substance to the discharge of his debts, he goes on thus: "But as there still may remain some creditors unpaid, even after all that I have shall be disposed of, in such a case it is my last will that my body should be sold to the surgeons to the best advantage, and that the purchase should go to the discharging those debts which I owe to society; so that if I could not, while living, at least when dead, I may be useful."

Cassander was one of the greatest geniuses of his time, yet all his merit could not procure him a bare subsistence. Being driven, by degrees, into a hatred of all mankind, from the little pity he found among them, he even ventured at last ungratefully to impute his calamities to Providence. In his last agonies, when the priest entreated him to rely on the justice of Heaven, and ask mercy from Him that made him: "If God," he impiously replied, "has shown me no justice here, what reason have I to expect any from him hereafter?" But being answered that a suspension of justice was no argument that should induce us to doubt of its reality: "Let me entreat you," continued his confessor, "by all that is dear, to be reconciled to God, your father, your maker, and friend." "No," wickedly replied the exasperated man, "you know the manner in which he left me to die" (and pointing to the straw on which he was stretched) "and you see which the manner in which he leaves me to die!"

(Continued next week.)